A COLLECTION OF POEMS

WRITTEN ON DIFFERENT OCCASIONS,

BY THE CLARE BARDS,

IN HONOR OF THE

MACDONNELLS OF KILKEE AND KILLONE,

IN THE COUNTY OF CLARE.

COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY BRIAN O'LOONEY,

FOR MAJOR MAC DONNELL;

AND

Printed for Private Circulation only.

DUBLIN:

O'DALY.

1863.

To

MAJOR W. E. A. MACDONNELL,

&c. &c. &c.,

NEW HALL, ENNIS.

Monreel, Ennistymon,
15th August, 1863.

Sir,

In accordance with your wishes I have made a literal translation of all the poems I could collect relating to your family, the greater part of them have been copied by me from mutilated time-worn manuscripts. Most of the Bards who composed them lived in the western part of the county of Clare, and were therefore well acquainted with the history of the Mac Donnells and their relatives.

Of the Bards referred to—Andrew MacCurtin was Ollav and antiquary to the O'Briens of Thomond, and hereditary bard of Clare. He was a first-rate genealogist, and it is to him that the O'Briens, and several other noble families in Munster, are indebted for the preservation of their pedigrees.

He was born at Maghglas, in the parish of Kilmurry, Ibrickane, where his parents enjoyed a considerable property. After their death he sold part of it to enable him to prosecute his studies and antiquarian researches. The narrow limits of his fortune compelled him to become a regular teacher in his native locality. It is true that he made some excursions through the country in search of records and relics of Irish antiquity, but was not a wandering bard, as some have stated of him. He was a frequent visitor at the houses of Edward O'Brien of Ennistymon, and Sorley Mac Donnell of Kilkee, by whom he had been beneficially patronized in his latter days. He died in 1749, and was buried in his ancestral grave in the church of Kilfarboy, near Miltown Malbay, where his remains were left without a slab to mark his resting place.

Hugh MacCurtin was cousin to Andrew, whom he survived, and lamented in a mournful dirge. He succeeded him in the Ollav-ship of Thomond.

He was a native of the parish of Kilmacreehy, in the barony of Corcomroe, where he lived and died. He went abroad for his education, and having the benefit of his predecessor's labours his stock of learning was more extensive than any of his contemporary bards. He wrote a work in vindication of the Antiquities of Ireland, which was published in small 4to, in Dublin, in 1717, in which

the fullest account of the ever memorable battle of Clontarf will be found. His English-Irish Dictionary and Irish Grammar, were published at Paris, in the year 1732, in 4to, but the first edition of the Grammar appeared at Louvain, in 12mo., in 1728. During his sojourn in France, he was favourably introduced by his patroness, Isabella O'Brien (wife of Sorley Mac Donnell of Kilkee) to the Dauphin, by whom he was retained as tutor for seven years. On his return to his native country, he received but little encouragement from his degenerate countrymen, to whom he frequently appealed for patronage, but in vain, and many of his valuable productions have hitherto been left unpublished. In his latter days he conducted a small college in the townland of Knockin-an-Aoird in his native parish where the ruins of his dwelling-house and seminary are to be seen to this day. He died in 1755, and was interred in the church-yard of Kilmacreehy, near Liscannor bay.

John Hartney lived at Kilkee, and died about the year 1755.

John Hore was a Blacksmith by trade, and lived at the gate of Clooneena, where he kept his forge; he was a poet of great celebrity, and was patronised by the Houses of Clooneena and Kilkee. I am informed that he died about the year 1780.

John Lloyd was contemporaneous with the above

bards, and a native of Upper Tulla. He led a wandering life between Tulla and Newmarket-on-Fergus, he was perhaps the most mellifluent of the Clare poets of his day. He was found dead on the road near Toureen, east of Ennis, in the year 1757-'58, an occurrence which realized the poetical malediction of Denis O'Mahony.

Thomas Meehan was a native of the town of Ennis, where he taught a literary school, and was much esteemed. I do not know when he died, but his feeling appeal to the Irish in 1798 was I believe his last poetic composition.

The translations of these poems, will I fear sound tasteless to the English reader, but that is because in accordance with your request I have given what I hope will be found *strictly literal* versions.

I have the honor to be

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

BRIAN O'LOONEY.

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A COLLECTION OF POEMS.

AODH BUIDHE MAC CRUITIN RO ĊAN.

An ṗóraḋ Jriḃeal, inġean Chriorcóna U
Bhriain, Innir-tíġ-moinn, ne Saṁairle ṁic
Doṁnaill, o Anncruim. A.D. 1718.

A Ġéir ġanṫa ġléigiol, a ḃéiṫ ṁaireaċ ḃéaraċ,
A ċraoḃ ċnearda ċéimleas do ṁaiṫiḃ ṙiol Tail,
A aon laraiṁ rgéiṁe na n-aolḃan le ċéile,
A ḃéal tana an déidġil na labanṫa ṙáṁ!

Ir tnéan teaċt do ṫnéiġṫe le ṗeiḋim ṁaiṫ na ṗéile
'S t-aol-ċnoḃ le daoṁaċt ir taḃanṫaċ targ,
Do'n tairtiolaċ tnéiṫlaġ, do'n aimid gan éiṗioċt
Do'n lagan le h-aortaċt ir tu a g-caḃain 'ra rgaṫ

Man bán an gaċ léan-lot do ṁeana mo ċéadṗaḋ,
'S d'ṗáġ dealḃ gan ċéillme am ṁeaṫaċ man táim
Gur ċailliora laoċraḋ ba ċaḃain dam' éigion,
Feanaċoin éaċtaċ Ċairill ir Ċlain!

Do ċeanglair le nuaḋċan, ṗlaiṫ ceannra de'[1]
ċuainne,
Ó Anncruim na nguairbeart, 'r ó Albain ánd,
De'n ċlainn rin Ċolla Uair ṁir ṗuair Teaṁair ii
Tuaḋṁuiṁain,
A n-dan rin a n-dualgar na n-aiṫneaċ o'r ṗár.

Cnéad daṁra ná luaḋṗaiṁ an lann-ṁarcaċ uaral
An cnann-caiṫir cruaraċ gan caraḋ air a láiṁ,
Gan ṗann-bearr, gan truailleaċt, aċt ceannraċt
le cuallaċt,
An plaṁda do ṙuaṫaḋ tre ċairre d'ṗuil Tail!

[1] He was the eldest son of James MacDonnell of Kilkee, County of Clare, who died in 1714, and the original and translation now presented to the reader, will be found in O'Daly's *Munster Poets*, first series, p. 173, Dub. 1851, translated by J. C. Mangan.

HUGH BOY MAC CURTIN SANG.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF ISIBEL, DAUGHTER OF CHRISTOPHER O'BRIEN, OF ENNISTYMON, WITH SORLEY (OR CHARLES) MACDONNELL,[1] OF THE ANTRIM LINE. A.D. 1718.

O Swan of bright plumage! O maiden who bearest
The stamp on thy brow of Dalcassia's high race,
With mouth of rich pearl-teeth, and features the fairest,
And speech of a sweetness for music to trace!

O! how shall I praise thee—thou lovely, thou noble!
Thou prop of the feeble, thou light of the blind!
Thou solace and succour of wretches in trouble;
As beauteous in body as bounteous in mind!

Alas! these are woes from which nought can defend me,
My bosom is loaded with sorrow and care,
Since I lost the great men who were prompt to befriend me,—
The heroes, the princes of Cashel and Clare![2]

But glory and honor to thee!—thou hast wedded
A chieftain from Antrim of chivalrous worth,
Of the great *Colla Uais*[3] the swift—they who headed
So proudly the conquering tribes of the North!

To that bold cavalier hast thou plighted thy duty,
And *he* is a hero whom none can surpass—
His valour alone was the meed of thy beauty,
Thou Rose of the Garden of golden *Dal-Cas!*

[2] Charles O'Brien, Lord Clare, who fell at the battle of Ramillies, in 1706, where he commanded a regiment of dragoons.

[3] *Colla Uais*, with his brothers Colla da Chrioch and Colla Meann, subdued the greater part of Ulster, and destroyed the palace of Eamhain Macha (Emania) in the year 332.—*Book of Rights.*

AINDRIAS MAC CRUITÍN RÓ ĊAN.

Airde agar duain a n-oṅóir do Ṡaṁairle Mac Doṁnaill agar d'a ḃean .i. Jribeil, inġean Ċriostona Ui Ḃriain, Innir-ċiġ-mean.

Fada mo ċnúċ ne triall,
Re duanóg ó taoim am naḋuiḋe ;
Ní ḟeárr liom a beiċ 'na h-uamóg,
Nó mar ta rí.
Ní ḟeárr liom a beiċ na tairge cumċa clirde,
'Na beiċ gan éaċt gan uaim,
Ó Ib-Bneacáin go mac Ṡéamuir.
Ṡaoir Mic Doṁnaill.
Flaiċ dán ḋual a ċlú do ċoiṁéad,
Man luaḋaid eóluiġe.

Agar ar ainéolaċ an toirg dam inneaṁuil féin do ḟeanaċaiḋ agur d'ḟior dána, teaċt le duanóg ciotáiġ cnoranta go mac Ṡéamair Mic Doṁnaill tair a b-fuil d'uairle agur d'urnaḋuiḃ 'ran g-Cúige. Aċt dam ċur féin a n-oineaṁain do'n dnoċ nór nán ġnáṫ a n-Éirinn niaṁ, man ata go b-faicim gur mó do ċion agar do ċáḋar do ġeab tuata tur teinneóláċ, nó baogaine buaḋanṫa beig-léiġin, nó naċ léir uaim nó airde ó uairliḃ na cnóce [níḋ ṫnáċtaim ar ċlann Cainbne Ċinn Ċait d'ar ċeart beiṫ fuaṫṁar de'n éigri,

[1] Who were married 8th October, 1718. Sorley died October, 1743. Isibel died in 1788.

[2] After our bard, Andrew MacCurtin, wandered from the hospitable house of Sorley MacDonnell of Kilkee, he spent a while in Ibrikan, where he met a very poor reception from his friends, and consequently repaired with this address to crave the forgiveness and patronage of Sorley (the son of James MacDonnell) and his wife, Isibel O'Brien.

[3] *Cairbre Ceann Cait*, i.e. Cairbre the Cat-headed. Dr. Keating

ANDREW MAC CURTIN SANG.

A POEM AND A LAY IN HONOR OF SORLEY MAC DONNELL AND HIS WIFE ISABEL, DAUGHTER OF CHRISTOPHER O'BRIEN OF ENNISTYMON.[1]

With a rhyme I have long hoped to go,
As I am a story-teller,
I prefer it not metrical,
Than as it is, [and correct,
I prefer not to have it a treasure, well-composed,
Than to be void of rule or concord.
From Ibrican[2] to the son of James,
The noble Mac Donnell, [tion
A chief to whom it is due to preserve his reputa-
As antiquarians tell.

And a rude errand it is for my equals of an antiquarian and poet to come with an awkward rough-spun lay to the son of James MacDonnell beyond all the nobles and chieftains in the province. But I fit myself to the bad customs that were never usual in Ireland: because I see more affection and care bestowed by the nobles of the country on a dry meagre rustic, or on an illiterate waggish clown, void of melody or poetic invention, (I speak not of the descendants of "*Cairbre Ceann Cait*"[3] who naturally abhor the sages lest they should reveal their baseness) than is given to

says, that he was so called, because he had ears like those of a cat; and from the close analogy between both names, we are of opinion that the present northern family, named Kincaid (Ceann Cait), derive. The Irish Annals state that he held the sovereignty of the kingdom for five years before he died; and that evil was the state of Ireland during his reign; fruitless her corn, for there used to be but one grain on the stalk, fruitless her rivers, milkless her cattle, plentiless her fruit, for there used to be but one acorn on the stalk. See O'Donovan's edition of the Irish Annals, at A.D. 14.

d'eaglaḋ go noċtfadaoiṡ a n-úiṁiṡle] 'na do ġeaḃ
feanċaiḋ ṡuaiṁc ṡáiṁeóláċ, nó ḟear dána dearṁ-
ṡgnata, mà ḋealḃaiṁ duan nó dán deiġ-ḋéanta.

Agaṡ aṡ uiṁe ċugaṡa ċugaiḃṡ,
A ṡamaiṁ ċáiḋ ċaoiṁ,
Gan ṡíġe gan ṡuiṁneaṁ,
Na luiḋiṁe leaċ-ṡnáċ ṡlím,
Mo laoi leaṁ liudaṁṫa liosda,
Aṁ beagán gníṁ,
Maṁ ċíḋim an tṁodaiṁe a g-cioṁ,
'Sa ḟearaċ ṡáṁ ṡíos.
A ġaol na g-cuṁaḋ baiṁ uṁaiṁ,
Do ċṁeaḃaḋ an dà ċṁíoċ,
'Sdo ṡíṁ a g-cumur go h-uile,
Taiṁ leaḃaṁ ċláṁ Chuiṁ,
Níos ċuibe ḋuit ḟile maṁ miṡe,
Beiṫ a n-aosaṁán ṁíḃ,
'Sna bí níos ḟaide gan dṁuidim,
A g-ceangal páiṁṫ liṁ.
Ós dileaċt dṁuite me,
De'n ṡuiṁiṁ a ċeapaḋ dán díṁ,
Is do léiġeaṡ an ṁollaḋ,
Le a d-tuigṫeaṁ gaċ cleaṫ ard-ċṁaoiḃ,
Is do ḋíṫ tuigsiṁna,
Le'n cuiṁeaḋ aṁ ṡeaċṁán ṡiṁ,
Maṁ ṁíltre tuigsioċ,
Náċ tuigiṁ gaċ aon tṁáṫ gliṁ,
Gíḋ beag naċ iṁṁan,
A ċṁaoiḃ ċúṁdaiġ aṁ dá n-dálaiḋ,
Is ḟaṁán Ċiṁṁiṁ,
Suaiṁc ṡuguiḋe ṁe Mac Cáiṁṫeaiġ,
Maṁ ċuaiḋ aṁ eaċtṁaḋ,
Taiṁ bṁuaċ Eaṁṁa ó'n Laoi léiṁniġ,

[1] *Conn.* This is *Conn cead-chathach* (of the Hundred Battles) who defeated Eoghan Mor, the father of Oilioll Oluim, at the battle

the facetious, truly-enlightened antiquarian, or the sublime poet, if he should write a poem or a well-composed lay.

And that is the reason that I brought you,
  O, valiant gentle couple;
Unwoven and weak,
  In clownish lank concord,
My insipid sluggish poem,
  Void of elegance.
For I see the caviller esteemed,
  And the gentle man of learning low! [sion
O! kin of the chiefs, who brought to submis-
  The tribes of the two countries,
And extended their sway all over
  The extensive plains of Conn,[1]
'Twere not meet for you, that a poet like me
  Should be unfriendly towards you,
And be no longer without uniting
  In friendly union with us.
As I have been a secluded orphan
  Of the tribe assigned for song,
And I have read the roll [known,
  From which each prince of high blood is
It's a want of understanding
  That has led me astray;
Like thousands of prudent men,
  Who are not at all times wise,
Tho' nearly equal, O protecting chief,
  In two relations,
To the wandering of *Cinninn*,
  The pleasant and facetious, from MacCarthy,
When he went on an adventure [bounding Lee,
  Beyond the banks of *Eamhna*, from the

of Magh Leana, fought A.D. 192. He became monarch of Ireland, A.D. 177. See O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, part iii. c. 70.

Tré naċ d-tréigfeaḋ, Aindríġ Leaṁna
A ċaoiṁ ċéile air,
No fiarán Ġoffraiḋ ġuaġaċ Ui Ḋalaiḋ,
Re flaiṫ Ṁúġna,
Tre naċ béarfaḋ ċum ġaċ dálaiḋ e,
Ar a ċúlaḋ.

Agar ir beag naċ ionann mo ḋáil féin le Saṁairle Mac Doṁnaill, re cian do bliaḋnaiḃ gan teaċt dá ḟior dá longpórt cóṁnaiġṫe, do bríġ nár ċuir gíollaiġe agar iarrasḋ am ċuinne; agar an fiarán do rinne fórt leaċ-amadáin, d'ar b'aiṁ Cinnin, re Cormac Mac Carṫaiġ, mar ċuaiḋ ar éalóḋ tre éad go Coigeo Ullaḋ, ar feaḋ feaċt m-bliaḋna, tre naċ díongnaḋ Mac Cárṫaiġ caoiṁṫeaċt leapan ḋo, agar a ċéile fórda féin do ṫréigion. No fór, fiarán Ġoffraiḋ Ui Ḋalaiḋ, le Ó Doṁnaill ar feaḋ bliaḋnaḋ, agar gan do ċúir fiarán aige aċt naċ béarfaḋ Ó Doṁnaill leir é do ġnáiṫ ar a ċúlaiḃ, ag dul a n-oirreaċtair no a g-coṁḋáilib coiṫcinn do.

A Dia láidir! ir mór an daille agar an díṫcéille ḋam féin nár ṫuigear gur maiṫ an teaċt am éagmuir do bí ag Saṁairle Mac Doṁnaill, agar a liaḋaċt faoiṫ oirḋearc oile re gaċ ealaḋain do bí iona ṫimċioll, agar fór, mar bárr ar gaċ aineoċain, fór me d'fanṁuin ar fséird Bréacáin go minic fa ṫeirce bíġ agar díġ, airgiod agar éadaċ, agar gan dul a meaig uairle agar oirfidíġe Ċille-Caoi mar a b-faḋainn ól agár aoibneas, ceólta agar cluiṫċíḋe.

[1] *Leamhna.* A territory in Ulster often referred to on old maps as "the countrie of Cormac Mac Barone" [O'Neill]. The river Blackwater is represented as running through it, and the fort of Augher and the village of Ballygawley as in it; the town of Clogher on its western, and the church of Errigal Keroge on its northern boundary.—*Book of Rights.*

[2] This is Geoffrey *Fionn* O'Daly, chief Professor of Poetry in

Because the high king of *Leamhna*[1] would not forsake
His consort for him!—
Or the wandering of the silly Geoffrey O'Daly[2]
From the King of MUGHNA,[3] [him
Because that he [the king] would not take
To every assembly (riding) behind him!

And nearly equal is my own conduct towards *Sorley MacDonnell*, for many years, when I came not to visit him at his house of abode because he did not send servants and invitations for me, with the adventure made by a sort of an idiot, whose name was CINNINN,[4] and Cormac Mac Carthy. For he went a wandering through the province of Ulster, for seven years, in jealousy, because that MacCarthy would not have him as bed-companion, and forsake his own wedded wife. Or with the wandering of the silly Geoffrey O'Daly from O'Donnell, for a year, and his only cause of separation was that O'Donnell would not take him as *hindrider*[5] always when he went to fairs or public meetings.

O, Almighty! 'tis a great stupidity and want of sense, for myself, that I did not understand that *Sorley MacDonnell* could well do without me, and the vast share of high nobles of every profession that were around him, and to add to all my ills, that I have remained on the bleak hills of Ibrican, often scarce of food and drink, money, and raiment, and never going amongst the nobles and musicians of *Kilkee*, where I would get drink and delights, music and games.

Munster, who died A.D. 1387. He was hereditary bard to the Mac Carthys. See O'Reilly's *Irish Writers*, *fol. ciii.*

[3] *Mughna*, Munster, *recte* Mumhna.

[4] *Cinninn.* The court-fool or family jester of Mac Carthy.

[5] Hind rider—one who sits behind the saddle and horseman on horseback; in Irish "Culog."

Ir mór mo ḋonur mar ċoḃlara,
Ar ġuirtín ríḃe,
'Smo ṗóca folaṁ gan monaḋ,
Nó muinnġinn ṡríḃíḋ,
Mo ċóta ag lomaḋ ir logall,
Am leaṫ-taoiḃ ċléiṫ,
'Sir cóir gur faṁail do Ġoraiḋ,
Nó do Ċinnin mé.
Ir nár tógbur orm,
'San ċonair 'nar múirnín me,
A g-cóirir follur an ċroḃaire,
Cruṫ-ċaoin, réig,
Mo leór do longa,
Gur ḃ-fogar dam ṡgruigín ṡgéiṫ,
Ir ceólta ḋam ḃrodaḋ,
Ċum codlata faoi ċuilṫíġiḃ ṡéad,
A óig il-t-ṡroṫa,
Fuair foṫraġaḋ a ḃ-fuil ríġ réil.
Do ṁór ṡíoċt Ċolla,
Le'r foṫanaḋ fílíḋe dréaċt,
Na deoin-ri an t-ollaṁ,
Ḃeiṫ locarṫa ór díoḃ é,
Ir tóig ó ṁoġrainne bodaċ,
Go Cill-Ċaoi mé.

Sgéal aiṫrirtear tre rúin-diaṁair ar Maṫġaṁain tugaḋ ruar ar ḃrúid biatuiḃ ó fua aimsinn, aċt ar ḃ-fáġail meala ó na ṫiġearn fó reaċ, do ḋiultaḋ, tug do roġainn a ḃoill riagaḋ reaċ ṡgur ḋá diurnaḋ.

A ṡaṁail ṫeangṁar ḋam,
Mar ḋeiṁniġim,
Ní ciall ċrorda,

Great was my misfortune, as I've slept
  On a mountain field,
And my pockets empty, without money,
  Or hopes of wealth,
My coat growing bare,
  And a waterlodge in my left side.
And truly equal am I
  To Geoffrey and to *Cinninn,*
In not having gone forth
  To the place where I was loved,
'Mid the public feasts of the hero
  Of the fair gentle form—
To feast my fill
  Till my neck should nearly overflow,
And by music, coaxed to sleep
  Under silken quilts.
O, Virgin of illustrious race,
  Purified in the blood of royal kings
Of the great descendants of *Colla,*
  Who sheltered the learned poets,
Allow not the sage in distress to remain,
  As he to the poets belongs,
And take me from the bondage of clowns
  To *Kilkee.*

A tale is told in allegory of the Mahon[1] who was nurtured in slavery by a generous man, from his birth, but objected to getting honey from his master alternately with him, and choose to be hanged ere he would cease gulping it.

To me the like has occurred,
As I assert,
  'Tis not a wise example,

[1] *Mahon*, or *Mathghamhuin*, is the Irish name for a Bear.

An b-fáġail ġaċ fóġa,
A m-bruiġinn Ċill Ċaoi,
Ní h-éidir m'ḟorda.

Sgéal aiṫrisṫear go ḟaiṫ-ċiallaċ ar an Maċġaṁain mór da n-gorṫear *Ursa* nó *Bear*, noċ do h-altraiḋ ó do tuismeaḋ é, ar brúid biataiġ, mar ba dual do, aċt ar m-beiṫ 'na ḟeataḋ aġ duine uaral do, tré ṁéid a ċeanna air, tuġ ór ceann coirne meala é ċum a ḟroṁṫaḋ; agar do ḋiultaḋ an beadaiḋeaċ go minic di; gideaḋ ar m-blar milre na meala do'n brúid, ba toċta leis a boill do riogaḋ ó ċeile feaċ deallúġaḋ ria gan a beiṫ aġ a rior ól; agar a ḟaṁail céaḋna ṫeangṁar ḋam féin ar uirearbaḋ cleaċtair agar an b-fáġail gaċa fóġ agar gaċa fóḋaille a g-Cill Ċaoi, ní ba h-éidir m'ḟorda uaiṫe.

Sgéal aiṫisṫear an an Maċġaṁain,
An beadaiḋeaċ bláiṫ,
Do h-altraiḋ ar brúid biataiḃ,
Ó d'ḟeuċ fé an lá,
Aċt ar m-blaire m-bliocṫ meala ḋo,
Tair taoiḃ naoi d-tráiṫ,
Seaċ dealúġaḋ léi ba ḟearra leis,
Dul a m'eiligge an báir,
A ḟaṁail ḋam ṫeangṁuir,
Ná ceiliġíḋe an fáiṫ,
Ar n-dearmuḋ m'anacraḋ uile,
A g-crioċ Breacáin,
Tré nabarta na maiṫeara,
A g-Cill Ċaoi an tráid,

[1] No trace now remains of the mansion of Kilkee, as a town has been built on the site where it stood. The houses and offices were

For receiving every pleasure
In the mansion of Kilkee,[1]
I could not be pleased.

A tale is wisely told of the great Mahon called *Ursa*, or *Bear*, who was nursed from his birth in the captivity of a generous man as was his birthright; how being thus a pet of the gentleman, the latter through kindness brought him above a cauldron of honey to taste it, and the epicure often objected to touch it. How be it when the slave tasted the sweetness of the honey, he choose to have his limbs severed asunder sooner than desist from continually drinking it. So the very same has happened to myself on parting my customary usage; for, when I got every pleasure and comfort in Kilkee, I could not be restrained from it.

A tale is told of Mahon,
The complete epicure,
Who was nursed by a generous man,
A slave since first he saw the day light;
But on his tasting the sweets of honey
For nine days, or more,
Sooner than part from it,
He preferred to die.
The same to me has happened,
Deny ye not the cause,
When forgetting all my misery
In the territory of Ibrican,
Through the storm of bounty,
In stately Kilkee,

all standing (and roofed) in the commencement of this century. It had not been inhabited by the family as a residence since 1764.

Ba teallaire gin ṁairfead me,
'San fioghruighean aird,
Ir ba maith ṫeangṁuir do Ṡaṁairle,
Ir do Ḃeicí an dail,
Ḃeiṫ a d-tearmainn o'n eargaine,
Do rinne Seanán,
Tráṫ ḋeanḃur go meaṫfaid fion,
Go ríghid a m-báiṫ,
Na fhaighiḃ fin nach cleaṫtar,
Le filíḋe an Ċláir.

Aċt gíḋ ṁeafaid toicíḋe tréada, nó luċt faiḋḃirr, gurab aimid mé má gníḋim dréaċt nó dan deaghlaf.

Gíḋeaḋ ní ar aigne fin do ḃímis,
Do beir le dúthraċt,
Deagh-ḋán ó dhighean diomra,
Do ghlan ċúplaḋ.
Ir do ḃríghe nach córaḋ ḋaṁ-fa dealbaḋ,
'Na dóibhean éirteaċt,
Ní fairfad cáirde lae fám' ghealladh ḋóibh,
Ar eaglaḋ m'éilioṁ.

Bíoḋ go meafaid toicíḋe tréada, ceannaighe, nó luċt airgid do ċur a b-fáf; gur móir an daille nó an ḋíṫ céille duan nó dán do ḋéanaṁ ar m-beiṫ fárda ḋóibh, aċt go labhraid béarla Sagrannaċ; agaf go d-tig ḋóibh froc bollain nó caorraċ, nó dearghaḋ do ċur air ċnocaibh.

Gíḋeaḋ tuigṫean ḋaṁ-fa go b-fuilid meallta go ró ṁór, do ḃríghe go racfaid a d-tréada agaf a d-trióm-ċonaċ ar feaċaḋ aṁuil ceó faṁra agaf go m-beiṫ an eallaiḋe ne faicfin go bráṫ.

[1] *Senan*, i.e., St. Senanus of the Island of Iniscattery, the hero of Moore's song of "St. Senanus and the Lady," connected with

A h earth-warden for life I might have been
  In that high royal palace,
And happy would the event be
  To Sorley and Isabel,
Being then protected from the curse
  Pronounced by [saint] Senan,[1]
Wherein he asserts that they shall decay,
  Till they are totally lost,
These chiefs who are not frequented
  By the poets of Clare.

Though herd-owners and rich people think that I am a fool if I write a poem or a sweet lay.

How be it, that's not my way of thinking,
  I shall give with sincerity
A good poem, since it is my lawful duty,
  To a spotless couple.
And as it is not more due of me to compose
  Than of those to hear, [mise to them,
I ask not to borrow a day in fulfilling my pro-
  Lest it may be claimed of me.

Though herd-owners, merchants, and usurers, think when they are comfortable, that it is a great stupidity or nonsense to compose a poem or song, rather than speak the Saxon language, merely because they have [perchance] herds of bullocks or sheep, and cultivated [reddened] hills!

How be it, I think they are much mistaken, for their herds and great wealth shall pass away like the summer mists, and the scientific composition shall remain to be seen for ever.

whom are some very curious and interesting legends published in a note by the late Rev. M. Kelly, at page 121, Vol. I. *Cambrensis Eversus.* Dublin, *Celtic Society*, 1848.

Bioḋ a ḟiaḋnaiṡi ṡin ar ṁóṙán do ḋuanta agaṡ do ḋánta ata ṙe ḟaicṡin a niu; agaṡ go n-deaċadaṙ na toiceaċa do ḃí ann ṙe linn a n-ḋéanta ar ceal gan luaḋ 'na ionṙáḋ do ḃeiṫ onṙa.

Ar an áḋḃaṙ ṡin do ḃéan ṙéin dán beag do Ṡaṁainṙle Mac Doṁnaill; agaṡ d'Jriḃel, inġean Ċnioṙtóṙaḋ Ui Briain, do ṁainṙiot taiṙ éiṡ báiṡ gaċ aon againn, maṙ ċúiṁniúġaḋ air a n'uairle, agaṡ ar a maiṫiot; agaṡ ó nać b-ṙuil taiṙḃe ḋam cáiṙḃe d'ḟáġail ṙaoi, ar eaglaḋ m'éiliġṫe do ċeaċtaṙ aca ó ġeallaṙ é, agaṡ nać mó dliġṫeaṙ daṁ-ṙa a ḋéanaṁ 'na ḋóiḃ ṡin ṙonn ṙoiṙéigneaċ do ḃeiṫ onṙa ṙe na ḟáġail, agaṡ ṙe na éiṡteaċt. Ag ṙo do láiṫiṙ é.

Giḋ meartaṙ le luċt airgid,
Do ċuṙ a b-ṙeaḋain 'ṙa b-ṙár,
Nó bréaṙal ċuṙ ar earna muilt,
Ar ṫaoiḃ cnoic báin,
Na labṙaiḋ Bréatainnis,
Nó béarla bláiṫ,
Gur b'aimid me ma ḋealbaim,
Dréaċt nó dán!
Aċt ní ar a n-aigne ṡin,
D'ḟanaim-ṡi am aonaṙán,
Aċt naċṙaḋ-ṙa go meanamnaċ,
Is do ḃéaṙ mo ḋán,
Do'n ḟaṙaiṙe do ḟliocht Alaṙdruim,
Aoiṙḋ na ṙtáid,
Is d'earna cneiṡ is ṙeáṙṙ anois,
Ar béiṫiḃ Táil,
Is ó ġeallaṙ ṡin baḋ maineáċna,
Dá léigin lá,
Ór anainnic gaċ taḃaṙtuṙ,
Is plae 'na ḋeoiġ,

Be this testified by the numerous poems and songs to be seen to-day, while the wealth-holders, who lived at the time of their composition, have passed away, no more to be mentioned or talked of.

And for this reason I shall give a little poem to *Sorley MacDonnell*, and to *Isabel*, the daughter of Christopher O'Brien (which poem will long survive each of us), in commemoration of their bounty and nobleness; and it is of no use for me, to delay it, lest either of them should claim it from me, as I have promised it, and it is not more lawful of me to compose it, than it is of them to have a sincere desire to receive it, and to hear it. Here it is at present:—

Though 'tis thought by those who let their cash
  On interest to grow,
Or who, with raddle mark the wether's ribs
  On the fair hill-side,
As they speak the Britannic
  Or blooming English [tongue],
That I am a fool if I should compose
  A poem or a song;
But of their way of thinking, it's not
  I that alone remain.
But I shall go spiritedly
  And give my song;
To the champion of the race of Alexander,
  Of high state,
And to his spouse, now the best
  Of the women of *Tail;*
As I have promised it, 'twould be negligent,
  Should I let a day pass,
As each gift is thankless
  That must be sued for,

D'eagla go m-beaḋ Saṁairle,
Dam éiligeaṁ tráċ,
Is ciḋ carraiḋ ḋam gur mearra ḋam,
'Sibéal 'na cáċ.

AN DÁN.

Dligeann d'ḟile ann gaċ tráċ,
Cia ċaill an duille díon bláċ,
Is go b-fuil 'ran uaim-ri dá bun,
Préiṁ na h-uairle dá leanṁúin,
Cia teanc díoḃ le a g-curṫan ruim,
A b-file fir na a b-fóġluim,
Aṁar ṫarraingin móir n-dáiṁ a nall,
Aṁar tá, Colam agar Cóṁgall.
Do ċíd fóir na flaiṫ fáiṫe fir,
Do fríoraiḋ fáiḋeaṁuil oirir,
Claon-ḋul na n-uaral ma lé,
Do réir mar ruaċaiḋ an-éigri.
Gíḋeaḋ go n-dúltaiḋ fá reaċ,
Do'n tréad an díon ḟuileaċ,
Dligid gaċ aon tráċ o'n druing,
Joinnraṁ iomráḋ agar uirim,
Dligeann díom-ra' máir fíor ro,
An m-beiṫ do'n ċuaine ċaoṁ ro,
An b-fáġail mil milri an a ṁéin.
Díoġlaim dil díre d'óigréir,
Uraide ḋam gan dul reaċ,
Ag maoiḋeaṁ an mogall múirneaċ,
Aṁar tá m'aigne ag teaċt líon,
Dainge mearga m'inntinn.
Cíḋ rigin do riaġaċt mire,
D'ḟior dionga na díre,

[1] Saints Columbkill and Comhgall. See a volume of Prophec

Lest Sorley should claim me
  At any time,
And though my friend, worse to me
  Were Isabel's blame than all.

THE POEM.

'Tis lawful for a poet at all times, [bloom,
  Though having lost the foliage of sheltering
And therefore, at present, 'tis meet
  To follow the stock of the nobles.
Though few it is of them that now esteem
  Poets, learning, or knowledge,
As divined by the great prophets of old,
  To wit, *Colum* and *Comhgall.*[1] [vination,
'Tis yet foreseen by the chiefs of prophetic di-
  Of prophetic spirit on record,
That the nobility shall ignoble grow,
  According as they abandon the sages!
How be it, though they've distinctly forbidden
  That the nobility should be cruel,
They at all times make it incumbent on the
    bardic institution,
  To give attendance, fame, and obedience;
If this be true, 'tis my duty,
  In addressing these nobles,
As I have got sweet honey of their will,
  I shall pay double gratitude in my affection;
Easy 'tis for me—I shall not stray—
  In lauding the loving pair [branches],
For my mind is pleased
  And resolved on my intention.
Into whatever part I go,
  This couple's fame to seek,

ıscribed to St. Columkill and the other Irish Saints, published by Iohn O'Daly of Dublin.

D'éiſ an naḃraḋ ſa ṫuaiṫ ʒ-Caiſ,
Naċ ḋ'ḟuaṫ ḋ'ḟanaſ'na n-éaʒmaiſ,
Aċt ʒun ṁeaſ mé ʒun ſolcaḋ a ḃ-ſíon,
Aṁain ċáċ ſa'n ʒ-ciṫ coiſtċeann.
Do b'ḟearſa[ḃéaraḋ]maſ ṫárlaḋ air a meaſ,
Ʒnáiṁ anma air a n-óſd éiʒiſ,
Ʒiḋeaḋ tráṫ ó ċiḋim ſollur,
Ʒo ḃ-ſuilid ſin ʒan ſal oċraiſ,
Lán ḋ'ḟeiḋim dlíʒe díſʒe na mian,
Aʒ ḋréim ne ſlíʒ ſean nian,
Ʒabaim leó maſ noinn ḋam laoi,
Ó uaiſle cip na Coiſtae,
Ní taoḃ ʒan dlúṫ-ḟoſʒaḋ ḋam,
Dá ċnaoḃ clú ſoſtaiḋ clúdaiḋ,
Cúplaḋ caoṁ, ceanſ, coinnuil, cáiḋ,
Dleaċt ċoṁóinn díoʒloma dionblaṫ,
Cíḋ táid ʒan uaḃar dá bríʒ,
Do ċnú uaiſle na n-áiſd-ríʒ.
Caoṁ-ḟuil[1] Ċolla nár ob ʒliaḋ:
A'ſ Briain Banba ar aoin nian,
Cá ſór doḃ'aoiſde ʒaḃ ʒeall,
D'ar ʒaḃ ard-aoiḃneaſ Éiriann,
Fear ʒan uaill ʒan taom 'na tuiſe,
Planda ſaor-ṫora Saṁairle,
Flaiṫ deiʒṁeiſniʒ ʒan ſioċ 'na ṁéin,
Do ʒlan ſleiſniḃ Ġoċaiḋ Doiṁlén,
Ciḋ cur cúl ne h-eanʒ Ullaḋ,
A tnúṫ ne tneabaḋ Tuaḋṁúṁan,
Nior ḟuaiʒ ſéile ina ſór,
Tréiʒṫe ba do ba ḋualʒuſ,

[1] *Cas.* This was the son of Conall, who, according to O'Flaherty (*Ogygia*, part iii. p. 310) obtained the country between the city of Limerick and the mountain Echtga, divided by the river Shannon from Munster, and by the bay of Galway from West Connaught. He gave it the name of Thomond, and his posterity were called Dalcassians. From Cassin, the second son of Cas, the barony of O'Cassin takes its name.

After our sportiveness in the country of *Cas*,[1]
It's not in aversion I have parted them;
But that I thought he was certainly bathed
In the universal shower, like the rest
Who have given, and are reputed for it,
The hatred of their souls to the bardic order.
How be it now, since I plainly see
That these are free from blemish or stain;
Full of the power of the sparkling laws of desire;
Emulating the customs of the old rules.
I acknowledge them as the theme of my poem,
From the noble stock of the County,
Nor am I abandoned without friendly shade,
By the two renowned props of safety and shelter,
A gentle, polished, loving couple, [bloom.
Of the pure stock of unblemished protecting
Though void of vengeance—because
Descended of the noble high kings.— [tle,
The noble blood of *Colla*, who ne'er refused bat-
And *Brian of Banba*,[2] commingled.
What nobler ancestors received submission
Of these who held the high, delightful sov'reignty of Erin! [ness,
A man without vainglory, or caprice or weari-
A plant of noble produce was "Sorley;"
A chief of good courage, of no wrath in his mien,
Of the pure stock of *Eochaidh Doimhleinn*,[3]
Though he abandoned the land of (*Ulla*) Ulster,
To rival the tribes of Thomond.
He forsook not hospitality, nor yet
The noble virtues inherent in him;

[2] *Brian of Banba.* This was Brian Boroimhe, or Boru, who vanquished the Danes at Clontarf on Good Friday, A.D. 1014.

[3] *Eochaidh Doimhlein.* This is Eochaidh Doimhlein, whose son Eochaidh, was constituted king over the Damnonians of Leinster, about A.D. 134, by Tuathal Teachtmhar.

Níor ḟuaiġ ḟór cá mó tábaċt,
  Múnaḋ maiṫ 'na macántaċt,
Míne, maiṫṁéin ina ṁoḋ,
  Caoineas caiṫréim 'na ċrabaḋ,
Beaġ aon ḟlaiṫ dár ḟíonus,
  Is ionċuiṫe 'na ċoraṁlaċt,
Flaiṫ caiṫṡeaċ gan claoċlóḋ,
  A g-cuing caoṁnas onóir a'ṡ acfuin,
Oir níor ḟniṫ a leabar na lic,
  A g-cnainn-taiḃliḃ 'na a g-croiṅic,
Gur molaḋ le ḟíor-ḟíle fir,
  Flaiṫ tré ṁíoċur a ṁaiṫios.
Oir ní ḟlaiṫ aċt annḟlaiṫ bloiḋ,
  Fear ċaiṫḟios a lá agas a lomṫaiḋ,
Ag cur a ṁaoine tair ċeart,
  Gan ánd-aoibne, gan óirbeart,
Leanán ṡaṫa ṡoġaḋ mná,
  Raṫ naċ lomṫar a n-aon lá,
Raiṫ ṡíoḃuan naċ g-cuirṫear ar,
  Raiṫ tré a m-buaḋtar gaċ maiṫeas.
Ṡréaṁ na rub le'r ṡíl ṡíṫ rean,
  Teanc ionnaṁuil d'Isibel,
Tárlaḋ mar ċúbar an ċuip,
  Áḋluinn iuil is ionnṡuic,
Sgoiṫ ṡíoġḃan tíġ Táil,
  Caor de'n ḟineaṁain ḟollain,
Ní maiṡg le'r aonta a dreaċ,
  An béiṫ báirleabair Ḃriannaċ,
Gaċ maiṫ, gaċ mórḋaċt, gaċ móḋ,
  D'ar h-ónnaiḋ 'ran b-ḟéil mallaḋ,
Níor ċuṫa d'úġdar a ruim,
  Ór cnaob cúṁdaiġ dá cnoḃuing,[1]
Ní ṁolṡain í a h-uċt ḟola,
  Caoṁna clú na caoṁ-ċnoċa,

[1] Cnoḃuing, a cluster of nuts or grapes, &c.

Nor had he forsaken, tho' of higher import,
  Good manners, bounty and honesty,
Mildness and good mien in his manner,
  Meekness and triumph in his devotion.
Few, if any chief that I have visited
  Is comparable to him,
A liberal unblemished chief
  Abounding in kindness, honor and ability.
For it has not been found in book or stone
    [inscription],
  In records or in chronicles,
That true poets have praised men
  [Or] a chief for the affability of his goodness,
For he's not a lord but a cruel usurper,
  Who spends his life and fortune,
Extravagantly lavishing his wealth
  Without high delights or noble deeds.
Prosperity follows a choice bride
  Prosperities of more than a day's duration.
The prosperity of a continual peace, unaltered,
  A prosperity whence all goodness flows
The stock of the *berries* [kings] that gave
    peace of old,
  Rare are the equals of *Isabel*—
Like unto the froth of the foam is she,
  Beautiful, learned and chaste,
The choicest princess of the house of TAIL,
  A grape of the wholesome vine,
He regrets not, to whom is united,
  The fair polished O'Brien lady.
Each excellence, each greatness, each honor,
  That ornaments her generous brow
An author could not describe,
  The preservatives of her youthful bloom,
I'd praise her not for her blood,
  This protection of the fame of the gentle
    form [fair sex]

Dá m-beiḋinn ann ġríonn-ḟile dil,
Ar n-ḋéanaḋ briġne díċill,
Lé dá bríġ rin do ḋéan roċt,
Ní d'éad ná deabaḋ dúṫraċt,
Soċtraḋ fóṙ le a céile cuiṙ,
A tréiġṫe giḋ furar d'aiṫriṙ!

AN CEANGAL.

Ní ṁolfaḋ rib a ċroḃuing ḋíle,
Bárġlan buiḋeaċ;
Cíḋ follur dam go foirḃṫe,
Gan fán gan fuiġeall,
Doiṁin t-ruiġ búr g-coilġṫe,
De'n árṙ' ḟuil aoirḋ,
Do foilceaḋ ar rollaḋ liġṫe,
Lár na ríġ.
Gíḋ ollaṁ me ċum loirġṫe,
Gaċ árd-ḟláiṫ ḋíḃ,
Air tonna tuile rabarta,
Gan tráṫlaċt tríḋíḃ,
Mozal mulluiḋe borbaḋ,
Nár fágḃaḋ a m-bruiġin,
Soċtraḋ rile a n-oċtaḋ rin,
Na n-dálaḋ ṁuiḋiorṁ,
Ní ṁolfaḋ rib cíḋ forara,
Tairṙ ċáċ búr nganoi,
Ní ṁolfaḋ rib cíḋ orgailte,
Búr d-tráċt a d-tíġior,
Ní ṁolfaḋ rib cíḋ h-oirḋearc,
Búr n-dálaḋ a díṙ,
Ir naċ cozal ċuirriḋ a ḃ-foirre ċugaiḃ,
Na ráideaċ ríl.

Were I a poet profound, in learning and lore,
  In composing elaborate poems.
Therefore I shall cease to mention her,
  But not through envy, nor lack of will,
Nor shall I mention to her bosom's spouse,
  Her virtuous qualities, though easy to relate.

THE BINDING.

I'll praise ye not, I'll praise ye not,
  O, mighty, excellent, pure and generous ;
Though I perfectly know,
  Without omission or exaggeration,
The deep stream of your race
  Of the noble high blood ;
Enriched by the noble effusion from the roll
  Of royal kings :
Though I am ready to trace and follow
  Each high lord of these
Across the ocean's stormy billow,
  Never corrupted by ignoble blood!
The offspring of fearless chiefs,
  Who were not left beaten in battle ;
I cease to praise their bosom's fruit,
  Or to boast their history ;
I'll praise you not, though excellent
  Beyond all in state ;
I'll praise you not, though manifest
  The fame of your generous household ;
I'll praise ye not, though noble
  Your history, O couple!
For 'tis not tares that have been sown for you,
  Nor the wild dock seeds.

SEAĠAN UA H-ATHAIRNE RO ĊAN.

An n-éaġ Ṡeanluiṡ nó Ṡaṁairle Ṁíc Domnaill Ċille-Caoi.

Do ċuala ṡġéal do leun an cnoiḋe aġam,
Do ḃriṡ mo ċiall ṡi ḋá d-tiġean mo ċuiṁne,
Pheiġiṁ de'n tréan-ḟuil doḃ' aoiṁde,
Sínte manḃ ciḋ dealḃ le n-iuṁrin ṁ

Séanlus mac Ṡéamuiṡ mo ṡíġ-ḟlaiṫ,
Céaṡan na ṡtaonṡaċ dá naoiṁde,
Is méala a ṫaoḃ ġeal ṡá líġaiḃ,
A ċnoiḋe gan ġangaid, 'ṡa ċaṡaḋ na Ṁuiṁneaċ.

Plannda cnuas gan ċnuaḋas gan daoiṁṡe,
Coileán do ċineál na ṡaoiṫe,
Tréan-ḃile ṡaoṫṡaċ na ṡtṡaoiṫṡeaḋ,
Mo ḋíṫ is eaġal gus aiṁṡid ṡaoiṫe.

Cúiġeaḋ de'n Ṁúṁainn ḟaṡṡaiġ tímċioll,
Úṡ-ċíṡde ṡíonn ṡleaġaċ ṡíoṁṁas,
Clúid-buinne dúṫ dainġion díonṁas,
De'n ṗréiṁ ṡeasaiṁ' ċeantuiġeas do Ġaoiḋiḃ.

Doḃ' ḟuṡas aiṫne an baġaiṡt na ṡíonaḋ,
Gaoṫ is ṡeanṫainn le ṡealad dá ṡíonċus,
Téiṫ ṡeanġaċ, baġanṫaċ, bruiġeannaċ,
Ag-bríṡeaḋ na d-tonn a n-dṡom gaċ tíṡe.

Gus geárṡ go d-tiucṡaḋ ár agas díoġaltus,
A g-Clár-luiṡc[1] do ċráḋṡaḋ ár ṡaoiṫe,
Ní ċráċtaiṁ gaċ tláiṫ dealḃ díṫeaċ,
A ċaoi 'ṡa ṡgneadaiġ ṡad ṁaiṡṡid dá ċuiṁne.

[1] *Clar-Loirc*, i.e. the Land of Lorc, one of the ancient names of Ireland, from Laoghaire Lorc, one of its ancient kings; whose brother, Cobhthach Caelbreagh, together with thirty other kings, were

JOHN HARTNEY SANG

ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES MAC DONNELL OF KILKEE, WHO DIED, OCTOBER, 1743; METRICALLY TRANSLATED BY W. C. HAMILTON, ESQ.

Sad is my heart—my thoughts and mem'ry broken;
Wander, uncentred since that word was spoken;
Since he, the hero, highly born and brave,
Is stretched! Alas, in an untimely grave!

Charles, son of James, 'twas thou whose falchion bright,
Aye glittered foremost in thy country's fight.
But the cold flag lies above thy honest heart;
From Munster's friend, all Munster grieves to part.

A noble race was that which came before thee;
A noble mother of that proud stock bore thee.
A towering tree, far spreading, did'st thou grow;
Thy roots are now uptorn, thy stem laid low.

Yes! Munster's hospitable Lord is gone—
Her ready counsellor, her corner stone—
Upon his strength and prudence, she relied,
And he supported her Milesian pride.

There was a meaning in the tempest's roar,
In the billow's passing its accustomed shore,
Well might we know the raging element
Foretold the coming of some dire event.

Some death and desolation that should strike
At Erin's Peer and Peasant, both alike.
The Peer who honoured, and the houseless poor
Who never yet turned hungry from his door.

burned at Dinrigh of Magh Ailbhe, in the palace of Tuaim Deanbath, by Labhradh Loingseach. *Annals of Tighearnach.*

Níor b-fada go d-táinead an bláiṫ-bean Aoibeal,
A bualaḋ a bas 'sa sraca a dlaoiṫe,
Is mór an téaċd 'san leun so suiġte,
Ó Leim[1] go Teamhair[2] 'sgo h-Aindtruim ċíṁċioll.

Níor b-fada go d-táinead an bláiṫ-bean ṁíonlaḋ,
Ag sileaḋ na nosg 'sa folt le gaoiṫ lé,
Do barra gaċ tonn da n-dromh duḃ díġeaċ,
Go naiṁiġ Banba[3] a b-fasnaḋ na síṫ-bean.

Do labair go dúbaċ an ċuiṁ-bean Clíoḋna,[4]
"Sgneadaim aḋ ċabair a ċineaḋ na saoiṫe,"
Níor b-fada gur ṡiubail an-imlosd taoiḃ leó,
Dêindre[5] ṡolais ó bhollaċ na Cnaoiḃe.[6]

Do ċuala an banaltra canaḋ na d-taoiseaċ,
An ċuantaiḃ Albain[7] agallaṁ Aoibeal,
Do ġluais gaċ aiṫ-ġearra tárrna na taoide,
Fa uail na seanga-ban searḃṫa síġe ṡoir.

D'ṡiosnaḋ an ṁoḋaṁuil ġeal ṁoġṁair Aoibeal,
Cia tú a ṡinne-bean ṡuiġear 'nár g-cuibneann,
D'iuil de'n aicme-seo ċleaċtaċ beaḋ coiṁṫeaċ,
Canaḋ Ṁic Dóṁnaill, an dóiṫ gur dioḃ tú.

Iseaḋ go dearb do ṡneagair an ċaoin-bean,
A béiṫ do leannur ceart-barra a ṡíonnsean,
Cé aca cailliom le'n seanaḋ an níoġaċt so,
Nó an é Saṁairle sean Cille-Caoi é?

'S é go dearb níl tairbe gan ionsin,
Éag na Ceanainn níor b'aiunir an binse,
A g-céill níor b-fearaċ a ṡaṁail 'sa g-cúiṁne,
Gan béim gan ġangaid gan ṁarlaḋ gan ṡuiṁne.

[1] *Leim.* Now Loop Head at the mouth of the Shannon in the County of Clare.

[2] *Teamhair,* Tara in Meath.

[3] *Banba.* One of the ancient names of Ireland.

[4] *Cliodhna* and *Aoibheal.* Celebrated fairy queens who govern the daoine maċa, or "good people" of Munster.

The maiden, AIBHIL, came him to deplore!
Her snowy hands she smote, her tresses tore;
The voice of her lament came o'er the sea,
And CLEENA joined the sorrowful Banshee.

Her bitter sorrow for the mighty dead,
From Leap to Tara, and round Antrim spread;
Over the dark ridge of the sea she passed;
Her hair hung loosely, and her tears fell fast.

And thus she spoke: "Friend of a noble line,
I come to mingle my sad tears with thine;"
Another mourner joined the scene of woe,
DEIRDRE, the brilliant star of Creeve Roe.

The muse and genius of old Scotia's brave,
Came quickly speeding over ocean's wave;
For she had listened unto Aibhil's song,
Her dirge was heard the Highland hills among.

To her then Aibhil, ever graceful said,
In accents mild—"Whence camest thou, fair maid?
We are MacDonnell's friends! and art thou too
His friend, and come to join our common woe?"

"I am, indeed," the gentle maid replied;
"But say what Chieftain of the race has died?
Thou their attendant spirit, fair Banshee,
Say is it Sorley, *Tiarna* of Kilkee?"

"O yes! 'tis he—oh, would it were denied;
For he is dead, who was the assembly's pride:
In wit and wisdom who ne'er had a peer—
Alike devoid of arrogance and fear.

[5] *Deirdre.* The heroine of the tragical tale of the sons of Uisneach, see *Transactions of the Gaelic Society*, Dub. 1808.

[6] *Craoibh* i.e. *Craoibh Ruadh* (the Red Branch) the residence of Conor MacNessa King of Ulster,—*Idem.*

[7] *Alban.* The Irish name for Scotland.

Cá ngeabhaḋ an t-uafal uaibhreaċ fosal,
Ba ṁinic an cuaird 'gcan luaḋ na dig aige,
Cá n-geabhaḋ an file boċt duine de'n Fhoghnar,
Jar n-dunaḋ cirde geal ionaḋ Ċill-Caoi[1]ar.

Geabaid 'gan donur gan comhġnom gan aoibhneas,
A g-cóir na Noḋlag go follus a ríon-ġol,
Na ṁúċtar folus le gonta na ríoġṁná,
Sin ṡgiuirríde fola go h-obann an ḋraoiċib.

Cá ngeabhaḋ an bainṫreabaċ am ċum faoiṁne?
Cá ngeabhaḋ an dall gan ṁeabair gan ċuṁne?
Cá ngeabhaḋ an duine ta a ḋruidim le cṁionnaċt?
Gan ċlúid gan forga gan folaṁain faoiṁe?

Cá ngeabhaḋ an daltín beadaiġ cíocraċ?
Cá ngeabhaḋ an gleacaiḋe a fairṫim ċíṁċioll?
Cá ngeabhaḋ an ṡtolaiṁe foltaċ gan níḋ an biṫ?
Cá ngeabhaḋ an lomnoċt ocraċ ġatṁar?

A'fad-tuiṁe ċnáiḋte an lár tú a Ṡéarlaiṫ,
Mar ṫreargain an bár 'na ċaibliḃ féin tú,
Scéiṁle na b-fearaċon feabac na h-Éiṁne,
Ríoghaḋ Ċairil[2] ir Teaṁair mar ċéile.

Ir baoċ 'rir deacair dam cnomaḋ an do ġaolta,
Cé léir gaċ tonaiṁe 'gan tobar ó an ṫéiṁiġ,
Mo léun dob' obair gan fonar gan éifeaċt,
D'aon nár folcaḃ a ṡnoiṫib na naoi n-bay.

Gaċ bile, gaċ priomṁra trúpaċ léadṁaċ,
Do leannur go dlúṫ ó ċúir a ṁéime,
Da g-caiṫfiṁre ir triur glan iul an faoġal,
Mo ċnáḋ ṅionb'fearaċ uainn deaċṁaḋ a ċaiṫṁéime.

[1] *Cill Chaoi.* Kilkee, the celebrated watering place of that name, referred to in various parts of this work.

Where shall the poor reduced relation go—
Whose call was frequent when his purse was low?
Where shall the weary bard who once reposed
Within those friendly halls that now are closed?"

Wearily and unwelcome will they go—
And Christmas bring them only want and woe—
If the noble widow's lessened means deny
Her Lord's accustomed hospitality.

Where shall the widow for protection fly?
The blind, in friendship's sunbeam light enjoy?
And he who wanders down the vale of years,
Meet charity's sweet gifts and soothing prayers?

Where now may dwell the youth so free of heart?
The crafty juggler ply his wondrous art?
His careless step where may the idler bend?
Where may the sons of hunger find a friend?

Yes! thou liest prostrate, Charles, and grief is mine
That death around thee, should her snares entwine;
The Hawks of Erin were thy ancestors—
And Cashel's sceptre—Tara's crown were theirs.

Hard were the task to tell thy noble race—
And count each branch wide spreading from the base,
Beyond the power of one by love unfired;
Or by the sacred muses uninspired.

Were I, and other three more learned in verse,
Thy Father's noble actions to rehearse,
And in the grateful task our lives to spend;
The lengthen'd task would never have an end.

[2] *Caisil.* Cashel in Tipperary.

Acht amhain go d-tháchtaing-se an Éibhir,[1]
'Sainn do bhádhain Conn geal cobhlach céad chath,
Ainnt do cailleadh a mhacaine an éirligh, [mean.
A d-tréan mhuighe Mhóchruimhe[2] gun goineadh an laoch

Éoghan Og, nár mhór an ghéal é,
Do cailleadh 'ran nglédh le chródhacht Bhéinne,
Leoghan cumainn nár b-fhurar do thráochadh,
Deagh-mhac dhiúrtheanach Oilioilla 'r Mheidhbhe,

Níor tháinne d'Éoghan Mhór na m-bhéimionn,
Do cailleadh le Goll 'na chóm gan éide,
'San nglédh do b'eagal do mhaithibh na Féinne,
Nó gur fhealladh ann, an faithche Mhaighléana.

Ní fhágfain Connmac ir deacair gan éilioth,
Rabh gan chogal de'n bhonb-fhuil chéadna,
Ba lánmhean corantach toinnteamhuil fhéanmhur,
A b-fhearan 'na m-buidhean le linn an t-réin rin.

Ní h-é mo dhéanmad Cainbhne glaodhfad,
An Rích do fhearmhaigh an mhacaine a n-éinfhéacht,
Cé go mo chalma feabaic na Féinne,
Tug léinrghnior leacha orra a n-annaid a chéile.

Niall mean fhearach nachtmhar caemh-chéart,
Ciallmhar fearmhach fearc na n-éigre,
Re linn an dhagainn ir Bandha a n-daonbhuid,
Do lingh trí ceatha ó fhlachar do faon rin.

Tuachal Teachtmhar fleaghach fhéartach,
Do ghluair an naith le teacht 'na réim chéart,
Fiachnadh calma fhearaidh gur fhaochraigh,
Ainn-chior ceangailte an Albain thréimhre.

[1] *Eibhir*, i.e. Heber, one of the sons of Milesius, from whom the Ivors, Mac Ivors, Keevers, derive.

[2] *Mogh Chruime*, or Mucrom, near Athenry, about eight miles from Galway, at which, according to O'Flaherty, a great battle was fought, A.D. 250, in which the head of King Art was cut off near a brook or pool after the battle was over; from which circum-

Yet would I tell of Heber, I would tell,
How thy cousin, Conn of the hundred battles, fell;
And Art won honours of a warrior's tomb
Upon the field of slaughter at Mochroom.

Eogan Og, 'twas thou whom Beinne slew;
'Twas thou, so hard in combat to subdue,
A lion thou, impetuous and brave!
The highborn son of Olioll and Meave.

Nor less renowned for valour didst thou die;
Great Eugene Mor victim of treachery,
The Finnian's scourge wert thou till foully slain
Unarmed, by Goll, upon Moylena's plain.

Nor should I venture to omit thy name:
CORMAC the true, whose lineage was the same;
Noble protector of a happy band!
Who raised their numbers and increased their land.

Nor thine, Oh! Carbry, ever first to wield
The sword of triumph on the battle field;
And in despite the Finnian heroes boast,
Hurl death and ruin on their flying host.

Nor—Niall of the heavenly showers—thine,
Niall, the good, the wise, and the benign;
The poet's friend in whose auspices reign
Three gentle showers revived the thirsty plain.

Nor Tuathal the festive, generous king—
Who ruled and made this country flourishing
Nor Fiachra who upon Scotland laid
The tribute to his valour justly paid.

stance it is called Turloch Airt; and is situated between Moyvolla and Kilcornan. *Four Masters.*

[3] *Oilioll* and *Meidhbhe*, King and Queen of Connaught; immediately preceding the Christian era.

[4] *Tuathal Teachtmhar*, one of the Kings of Ireland.

Nior b-fada do luaḋar zur ḡluair 'rzur ċéadnaiḡ,
An dnazan ba ḃuaḋaċ na ruaṫar faoḃraiḋ,
Feiḋlim Reaċtmhar[1], caḃarṫaċ, caoṁnaċ,
'Nar ḡéill da eaċtraiḃ fir Banba d'aonzuiṫ.

Ní fulair zan labairt ar ċana na daoṁnaċt,
Aird ċeap ceannair Briain Banba léirrzrior,
Ba taḃaċ Danair a nzradam 'ra d-tréine,
Zo la Cluaintairḃ cé cailleaḋ é féin leir.

Ba baoir zan labairt ir tazairt ar Banba,
'San míle meanamnaċ Aluirtram déid-ḡeal,
Szíoḃal ir rzabal ba ċaḃair do Zaoḋalaiḃ,
Zur feallaḋ ar raoiḡte-croiḋe na féile.

Tiḡearnaiḡe an Ċlair ba tairte a nzaol leat,
Triaṫaiḃ Tail ní b-fuil áḋḃar rzéil air,
Eirneamoin 'ra bár ḟlioċt Eibir,
Ní ṁuiḋim aon tobar aċt fola na Roxiḃ.

Seaḃac na Daiḃċe', Zoill na tréine,
Fear Bunraite zan meanabal d'aon neaċ,
Sir Donnċaḋ O'Briain ċuir rriar le méiṫ-ḟeic,
Ir Ridire an Zleanna nár b'ainnir 'na z-caoṁnaḋ.

Ir fearaċ ḋam fór zo leór dod' ḡaolta,
De'n ṁaiṫ-ċineaḋ ṁór 'rdo ḟór Ailerriar,
Cé dealb mo ċúṁaḋ 'rzur bróṁaċ féin me,
Do líonfair leabair ar ṁairbna an t-réin rin.

Aċt nár ḡabaḋ do rzrúda rpiunaḋ d'aon neaċ,
'Na'n bannaṁuil buaḋaċ tuz rún a cléib ḋuit,
'Snár zeineaḋ 'ran Ṁúṁain 'na ar úr na h-Éirionn,
Fuil ir fearr 'na clann t-Sibéile.

[1] *Feidhlim Reachtmhar*, i. e. Feidhlim the Lawgiver; so called from the many wise laws he established in Ireland during his reign, which was only nine years. The principal law enacted by him was the "*lex talionis*" by which all injuries were punished by a similar infliction; thus, the malefactor who cut off a foot or hand was condemned to lose his own foot or hand; and so efficacious were

Nor his successor on the throne, the free,
The bountiful, the warlike Felimidh,
Who gave just laws for his people to obey,
And swept abuses from the code away.

Nor shall I venture to pass over thee,
Brian the Brave, friend of humanity;
Who at Clontarf, subdued the Danish pride,
And though victorious, in the battle died.

Nor Enda, is thy name forgotten now,
Nor yet the white-toothed Alexander, thou,
The sword, the shield, of the Gadelian name
Ere treachery their victim overcame.

Of noble lineage thy relations were:
The Chiefs of Thomond and the Lords of Clare,
Since Heremon and Heber mingling
Of blood was none save of a chief or king.

The hawk of Dooagh, and the brave and good
Lord of Bunratty, best of Saxon blood;
O'Brien—he who reined the strangers in,
And his associate meet—the Knight of Glin.

Long could I sing—and yet still leave unsung,
Some member of the race, whence thou art sprung;
Though in my soul is grief! tears in my eye,
I could fill books with my hero's elegy.

Yet were it vain to tell now what thou art,
Or what she was, who gave thee her young heart;
For in all Erin, no more noble blood,
Than in *Eliza's*[2] children ever flowed.

those laws in restraining the Irish within bounds of duty that the reign of Feilimidh was looked upon like a golden age. He died A.D. 119. *Cambrensis Eversus*, Vol. I. p. 469.

2 "Eliza"—C. MacDonnell married 8th October, 1718, Isabel, or Eliza, only child of Capt. Christopher O'Brien of Ennistymon, by his *first* marriage with Elisabeth, daughter of Theobald Mathews, Esq., of Thomastown, Co. Tipperary.

Ní fár gan fochras d'foirfeagan glégeal,
Gan fádan gan ócgal gan frostad gan éalaing,
An líne seo folcad ar fuilib na Réxib,
Glan t-rioct Mílead, Cuinn, 'r Éanda.

Mo bhúig' mo deacair mo gneada mo leanchneach,
Mo cúmad fad mairfead mar sgairt lead' céile;
'Snár cuntlaith eatorra a b-flatar na h-Éirinnn,
Cúpla b'fearra da ngairm fá aon-bhrat.

Mar cabair do cách go b-fágbad an t-aonmhac,
An clann 'ran mátair slán gan éalaing,
Jarmhar tú de'n chú ceart céadna,
'Sba mór an cabair do Bánba an méid sin.

Caithfeadsa sgur, ní'l sult am bhéatha,
Da g-caithfinn mo ruirg go buan ne déarra,
Ciúd fearach anlu gur guirt mo leun-chneach,
A Séarluis Mic Domhnaill gur mór an sgéal tú.

AN CEANGAL NÓ AN FEART-LAOI.

Is roilibir an Nodluig dúit a Chneadain cáoin,
Cnobal de'n bonb-fuil ad bocán maol,
Sin na rinneid tnoma doirtigte 'r oclán sgéil,
A folar-cuirp a n-doirnceact do dul fád' chré !

Fád chré 'ran uaim dúnta mo leun mar tá,
Gan réim, gan lúiche, dlúth bhuidte faon ar lár,
Géag ceart connla cúrta ba glére b'fár,
Is méala a g-cúig cóige uile Innis Éilge[2] a bár.

[1] Kilcredane was the burial place of the MacDonnells of Kilkee, where they have a chapel or vault which is still standing. It is situated between the village of Carrigaholt and the Light House.

[2] *Innis Eilge.* One of the names of Ireland.

Fair were the saplings in that nursery;
Spotless, and straight, and from all blemish free;
Each healthy scion grew engrafted on,
This noble stock of Enda and of Conn.

It was a burning piteous grief to see,
The widowed mother parted thus from thee.
From North to South, I know, so fond a pair
Beneath one veil united never were.

For Erin's good then may kind Heaven send
That the eldest son may prove the Orphan's friend.
To him shall Erin ever grateful feel,
If he cherishes the stock she loves so well.

Now I have done, and cease this vain lament;
For though the fountains of my eyes were spent—
Nor tears, nor time, could give the heart relief:
Oh, CHARLES MACDONNELL, great is our grief.

THE BINDING VERSE OR EPITAPH.

Joyful this Christmas, art thou, O gentle *Credane!*[1]
In thy vaulted tomb rests a champion of this heroic blood,
Spilled is the liquid of the noble breast—a woeful tale,
His resplendent corpse in darkness left beneath thy clay.

In the closed grave beneath thy clay: my woe,
That he is lifeless, void of strength, close-bound, and lowly laid;
A rich, modest, pure branch, in brilliancy that grew
All over the five provinces of the Noble Isle, his death brings grief.

Bás an leóżain ṁóṙḋa de'n tṙeiḃ naṙ żann,
Gur ápdaiż ceó bṙóin tuilt-ċiaṫ gan ċaḃaiṙ,
An báṙ iṙ mó ḋóiġ cṙoiḋṫe ṙliaḃ na b-Fionn[1],
Ó báṙ an tṙeoin, Doṁnall O'Briain 'ṙa ċlann.

Clann Ṡeamuiṙ, mo léun-ċṙeaċ ṙin taiṙżiṫe fúżaḋ,
A leaḃaiṙ-ċaoiṁ-liċ iṙ ṙéidin ḋuiṫ maṙṫan go ṙúḃaċ,
An t-aon ḋéanaċ ó d'ḟéadaiṙ a ṫaṙṙaingż aḋ ċlúiḋ,
Iṙ żeall Éiṙionn naċ léiṙ ḋuiṫ a ḟaṁail aḋ ṁúiṙ.

Aḋ ṁúiṙ gan ḃṙíġ ṙínte maṙ tá gan luaiḋ,
Ċuiṙ ṙżiuṙṙi níṁe dioġaltuiṙ a g-Clár na ṙuażaḋ,
A ċúilḟionn ċaoin ḃíonn ṁilir ṁánlaḋ gṙuaiḋ,
Go dúbaċ a ṙíoṙ ċaoine do báiṙ go cṙuaiż!

Iṙ cṙuaiż an cár ṙażḃaim ṙin ṙúżaiḃ go léiṙ,
Mar d'ḟuadaiż an báṙ áiṙḋ-ċineaḋ núin iṙ cléiḃ,
Do'n Ċonn báṙ tábaċt do ċṙú na laoċ,
Iṙ cuaṙtaiż cá b-ṙażaṙm bile buaḋaċ maṙ é.

Iṙ é do ċlaoiḋiż ṁilte na caoiṁżiṁ ṙóṙ,
Géaż ċeaṙt ṙaiṁṙ buiḋeanṁaṙ de'n ḃonn-ċṙaoiḃ ṁóṙ,
'Sé do ḃíoḋż ríoṙċa le ṙiaṫa bṙóin,
Gan é maṙ bí, an t-aen-ċíṙde a n-dioġan ḃṙuiż-eann dóiḃ.

[1] *Sliabh-na-bh-Fionn*, i.e. the Mountain or Hill of the Fenii; a locality unknown to the editor unless it be *Shabh-na-mban-Fionn*, near Clonmel, in Tipperary.

The death of the majestic lion of the numerous tribe,
Has raised a mournful mist, a tribute of tears without relief. [*na bfhionn.*"
The death that most burned the hearts of "*Sliabh*
Since the death of brave Donald O'Brian and his children.

The children of James, my woeful spoliation! are treasured beneath thee,
O, fair polished stone, pleasant can'st thou be,
Since under thy roof thou hast drawn the last [person] of them,[1]
All Erin, I wager, in thy clay you know not their peers.

His being laid weak inside thy consecrated walls,
Brought destructive vengeance on Clare of the sages, [brow,
His modest, gentle, and sweet lady of the graceful
Bitterly weeping his death in continual gloom!

The case is woeful, this you all know, [race
How death has snatched away the beloved exalted
Of mighty champions of the heroic blood,
Search, Oh! where shall I find a chief of equal valour.

Thousands whom I yet remember not, have been by this [death] oppressed, [stock,
A popular, proud, pure branch of the noble primary
It frighted regions [round] in painful grief,
That the rare jewel is not, as usual, in his blissful mansion to meet them.

Dóiḃ go léir ir leun-ḃrire gleó agar feall,
An Mileaḋ réiṁ tréan-ċlirde mórḋa meall,
Druim cia é géilim gur mór an meanġ,
Mar ċlaoiḋiġ an t-éaġ Séarlur Mic Doṁnaill
ann.

SEAĠAN DO H-ÓRRḊA RÓ ĊAN,

An tan ruġaḋ Séarlur Mac Doṁnaill[1] Ċille-Caoi, A.D. 1736.

Fonn :—"Mórṁín Ní Ċuilleanáin."

Ir ġéaġ de'n ḃile ġlórṁar
An deórṁide ro a ġ-Cill Ḃríocáin,
Do ċuir mac De 'nár m-bóṫar,
Le cóṁaċta ó Ríġ na nġrás,
Ir beannaiġṫe an ḃean óġ,
'Nar fóirmuiġeaḋ 'na broinn an báb,
Craoḃ na finne Fóḋla,
Aġ ól fíoċa cíoċa Táil.

Bíon h-uzza a'r míle, a n-aoinḟeaċt,
Aġ faor-ċlanna faoiṫe aġ ól,
Dá ġ-cur a nġlíonṫiḃ fréarṫa,
Roiṁ Ṡearlur mac maiṫ mo leóġain,
Bíon Punch ir fíon dá d-traoċan,
Re ċéile agar díolan beóir,
Cnáṁ na d-teinnte cró-ḋearġ,
Go h-aoraċ 'na foillre réoṁainn.

[1] Sorley MacDonnell was the last of James MacDonnell's children. Randal, who lived at Kilbrickan, died in 1726. The younger brother James, who lived at Clouncullin, died 14th June, 1732. His only sister was Mary, who married James Ffoster of Rathorpe, Co. Galway.

To them all 'tis a rueful broken wail and treachery,
That the champion, mild, brave, majestic, and noble
has fallen,
Whoe'er he be, I close, I own the fraud is great,
Since death therein has vanquished Charles Mac
Donnell.

JOHN HORE SANG

ON THE BIRTH OF CHARLES MACDONNELL[1] OF KILKEE IN 1736.

A branch of the glorious tree
Is this visitor in *Kilbrickan*,[2]
Whom the Son of God hath sent in our way
With power from the king of grace.
Blessed is that young lady
In whose womb the babe was formed,
The blooming branch of FODHLA,
Drinking the streams from the breasts of TAIL.

By the free clans of nobles, in chorus, while drinking
One thousand and one huzzas have been raised;
Into the vaults of heaven, greeting Charles,
My lion's worthy son.
They've punch and wine draining there,
And also plenteous beer,
And the blood-red bonfires blazing,
Most sportingly before us.

[1] He was the eldest son of Charles MacDonnell, by Isabel, his wife, only daughter of Capt. Christopher O'Brien of Ennistymon.

[2] Kilbrickane was one of the residences of the MacDonnells of Clare, where they had a large property; it was situated midway between Ennis and Quin; the house was set on fire about 1762, when the family removed to Killone.

Cuirr a z-cliaḃaṁ ḋíri é,
Tabairr póz ḋo azar laċt do ċíoċ,
Suiż ir zaḃ h-uireóḋ ḋo,
Zo ceólṁar 'rzo blarda bíonn,
Raċt na lêiz zo deó air,
'Na deoir le na ḋearca ríor,
Bráċair ceart Ḃriain Ḃóirṁe,
Ċuir Fóḋla faoi rṁaċt a ḋlíż.

Ir bráċair Ḃriain ṁic Bruadair,
A n-uairle na rean do ḃí;
Ir bráċair d'Jarlaḋ Tuaḋṁuṁain é,
'San uair reo, Innre Uí Ċuinn,
Bráċair ċliar an t-ruaircir,
'San żruazaiċ, 'ran ḟlaiṫ o'n n-Dabaiċ[1],
Ṫuz bár an tíżearnair uaiḃre,
Ċuaiḋ uainne zo h-arm Laoiżir.

SEAZAN DO H-ÓRRDA RÓ ĊAN,

Az fairtíżaḋróiṁ Ṡearlur mic Doṁnaill tar toinn.

Déantar dóiżtear teinte teóż ḋúinn,
Líontar an bórd ċúżainn tuille de'n ḟíon,
Sínntear ceól dúinn, pib ir Hautboy,
Bínn ċruit ḋrda a'r Fiddle ó ċloiḋe,
Suiḋim ir ólaim ṫort ar n-dóiċin,
Tá rzéal maiṫ nuaḋ azam nać boilib dar linn,
Zoḃ-ḟuil an ríżżar moṁnać farraḋ Mic Dóṁnaill,
Ir zlaiḋre Mic Maṫżaṁna a ċuideaċtainn bínn.

[1] *Dabhach*, or Dougah. The Sand Pitts in Clare.

Fix him in a golden cradle, [milk,
Give him a kiss and flow to him the breast
Sit and sing for him a lullaby,
Melodious and tastefully sweet.
Ne'er let him get a crying fit,
Or a tear down from his eye;
He's kin to *Brian Boroimhe*,
Who made *Fodhla* obey his laws.

He's kin to Brian, son of *Bruadar*,
Who was of the old nobility;
He's kin to Thomond's Earl,
At this time called Inchiquin;
Kin to the sportive troop,
And to the lordly chief of Dough;
And he in chieftainship excelled [king] *Louis*.
All ye who from us went into the armies of

JOHN HORE SANG,

IN GREETING CHARLES MAC DONNELL ON HIS ARRIVAL FROM BEYOND THE SEAS.

Make and burn warm fires for us,
Fill to us, on the table, abundance of wine,
Tune music for us, the [bag] pipe and hautboy,
The sweet golden harp and hearty fiddle,
We'll sit and drink round our fill,
We have good news, not woeful, I ween, [*nell*,
Of the royal stately youth, the heir of *Mac Don-*
And the resplendent MacMahon, his social companion.

Fáilte ir céad cuirim tráiṫ roiṁ Ṡéarlur,
Aṫbar an tréin-ḟir ir ṗeann 'ran ríoġaċt,
Raiḃ leaḃair léiḋṁeaċ d'ard ḟuil Milesius,
Do ṁór ṡcoiṫ na h-Éirrionn curaḋ barra ar
ġ-críoċ,
B'é ṫárlaiḋ ġan aor é, ir ardaċtaċ a ġéaġaḋ,
D'ḟár 'na buinne réiġ ġlan go lannarḋa ġroiḋe,
Ar láṁaċ na b-ṗiorḋal craorac ṫuġ bár leir
a'r buaḋ,
'Sní tárre ḋam laoċ ar ċairṁirt an ċloiḋiṁ.

A n-iarṫar Fóḋla tá'n ġliaḋaire cróḋa,
An Hector óġ an ruairc-ḟear ġríonn,
A Ċríord ba é 'n ġlóire é aġ ḟiaḋaċ tráiṫneóraḋ,
Go rrianḃaċ réadḃar ceólṁar bínn,
A ḋialaid óṁda ar ċían-eaċ ṁóṁraċ,
Do béarḟaċ leóṁanta luaiṫ ar a nġaoiṫ,
'San ġliaíḋre ġreanta Fóḋla bíon Ṡéarlur a
b-ḟad reóṁḟaḋ,
Ir ḟiaḋ na m-beannuiḃ móra ar rġóraḋain 'ran
líon.

SEAĠAN DO H-ÓRRḊA RÓ ĊAN,

Aġ molaḋ Ṡéarlair Ḿac Doṁnaill Ċille-Caoi.

Air:—" *Charlie come over the Water.*"

Ġléartar rinn cóirir do Ṡir Éadbard Ḋruiṁéolard,
'S do Ḃurton bréaġ óṁda na láruiḋe;
Na h-Jcmanr ir dóiċ liom ġur ċuideaċta ċóir iad,
Ḿa ṫiġid aġ ól linn ġeaḃaid ḟáiltíġe; [nail,
Ó'n laoċ leaḃair óġ úd da nġoirṫear Ḿac Doṁ-
Tá aġ ḟeiṫioṁ ar rport d'ḟáġail a d-tráṫuiġ-
eaċt, [óranan,
'San ḟiaḋ-ro tá 'ġabail dúinn aġ mille ar ġ-cuid
Ir ṫuġ ré uainn móir ṫoraḋ an ġáirdín.

[1] I should think that this is Charles, son of Charles who died in 1773.

One hundred times and one I now greet *Charles*,
The material of the brave man, the best in the country,
A fair polished youth of the noble blood of Milesius,
Of Hibernia's best [race], is our country's high chief.
Though youthful as yet, his arms are powerful,
He grew a gentle fair scion, radiant and brave,
In the pistol's red discharge, successful and victorious was he, [of the sword.
Nor less was my hero's prowess in the combat

This valiant hero is in the west of *Fodhla*,
The youthful Hector, the pleasant prudent man,
O Christ, 'twere a glory to see him in the evening hunting,
With bridles and jewels, melodious and sweet,
His golden saddle on a jet-black steed,
In lionlike chase he'd overtake the wind,
'Midst the resplendent chiefs of Erin, *Charles* is far leading, [snare.
And has the great horned deer by the neck in his

JOHN HORE SANG,

IN PRAISE OF CHARLES MAC DONNELL,[1] ESQ., OF KILKEE.

A banquet prepare for *Sir Edward of Dromoland*,
And for *Burton* the bright, of the golden laces,
The Hickmans I deem suitable companions,
In the drink, if they join, they'll be greeted
By the young polished hero, namely, *MacDonnell*,
To enjoy timely sport that is waiting [our barley,
To chase off this deer that is teasing us, and spoiling
And has taken from us the rich produce of our garden.

Cia ċíoḃṗeaċ an leaḃaiṙ-ġaṙ go meiḋṙeaċ ar
ḟeanġ eaċ,
Do ḟíolṙaiḋ a ṅall ċúġaiṅṅ taṙ ṙáile, [ta,
Jr ḟiaḋ mór na m-beaṅṅ aṅṅ, ó ḟoċtaṙ na n-ġleaṅṅ-
An ṫaoḃ cṅoiċ ir é a ṙeall-ṙuiṫ an ṙaḋal ġníṁ,
Na ṙaoiṫe uile a d-teaṅṅta aiġe ṙaoiġḋe a
g-clampuṙ,
Seaċt mile 'na ḋiaiġ aṅṅ 'ṙna ṙáṙaiḃ, [taċ,
'Sgo g-cuiṙṙiṅṅ mo ġeall ar an ṙíġ-ṁaṙcaċ ṙaṅṅ-
'San g-coiṁlíoṅ go n-ḃallṙaḋ an dá ċṙíoċ.

Ṁo ċaṙa-ṙa an t-úṙġaṙ taiṙ ṙeaṙaiḃ na cóiġe,
Ba ċeaṅṅaṙaċ caḃaṙṫaċ de'n ḷáiṅ-ṙíoġaċt,
Tá maiṙeaṁuil, múiṅte, laṅṅaṁuil lúiṫṁeaṙ,
Ṁac Doṁṅaill an t-óig-ḟeaṙ ir áil ġnaoi,
An bíṅte na cúiṙte ṅuaiṙ ṙuiḋeaṅ ṙé ṙaoi ṙúḋaṙ,
Bíoṅ ġalla-ċoṁ a cóṁṙaḋ le ṙġáiṫ ṙoiṁe,
Go maiṙiḋ do'n ċlú úd ċuġ baṙṙaḋ na Ṁúṁaṅ do,
'Sgo g-caṙaḋ ó Luṅṅdaiṅṅ ċúġaiṅṅ ṙláṅ-ḃṙíoġaċ!

A ṙíoċt Feiḋlim ṁic Ṡeóiṙṙe éiṙġe le Jóṙeṗ;
Agaṙ aḋaṅtaṙ líḃ mór ṫeiṅte cṅaṁ' ṙíoṙ,
Go ḃ-ṙaġam an na bóṙdaiḃ gaṅ ṁoill an an
móiṁeṅḋ,
Neaṙt ṙíoṅ agaṙ beóṙaċ o'n Spáiṅṅ aoiṙḋ,
Biaḋṁaoiḋṅe go móṙṙaċ go h-aoiḃíṅṅ caoiṅ ceól-
ṁaṙ,
Le meiḋiṙ agaṙ móṙ-ṙult gaṅ ċáiṙḋe,
Suiġeaṁ ṙíoṙ agaṙ ólaṁ ṙláiṅte Ṁic Dóṁṅaill,
Ċill-Ċaoi na ṙeóduiḃ ó'n d-ṙáiġ ṁíṅ.

[1] This Charles MacDonnell was born in 1736. He was married 1st January, 1760, to Catherine, third daughter of Sir Edward O'Brien, Bart., of Dromoland, and died 25th April, 1773.

Mounted on a slender steed, who would have seen
this polished scion,
Who descended and came to us from beyond the sea,
And the big-horned deer, from the bottom of the glens,
O'er the hill and hedge side retreating;
The rest of the nobles are, by him, bound in strife
In the wilds, seven miles to his rear,
A wager I'd hold, that the bounteous royal rider,
In the chase would exceed [the nobles of] both
countries.

My friend beyond the men of the province, is the
noble youth,
Who was brave and bountiful to the kingdom
all round,
He's beautiful, courtly, agile, and perfect, [state;
MacDonnell is the young chief of most excellent
On the bench in the court, when he sits with pow-
dered hair, [him,
The English hounds, in discourse, are timid beside
May the fame of him live, that gave him Mun-
ster's sway, [healthy and strong.
And from London[1] may he return to us, both

Arise with Joseph, ye descendants of *Feilim* and
George,
And make down great bonfires,
Till we get on the table, without a moment's delay,
Abundance of wine and high Spanish beer;
Who shall be in state, delightful, sweet and melo-
dious,
In merriment and great cheer without delay.
We'll sit down and drink to the health of *MacDonnell*
Of Kilkee, of the jewels, of the smooth strand.

[1] He was at different times member of Parliament for the County of Clare, and also subsequently for the Borough of Ennis; he was probably in London attending his Parliamentary duties at this time.

SEAGAN DO H-ÓRRDA RÓ ĊAN,

An bar Ṡeanluiṡ Ṁic Doṁnaill[1] Ċille-Eoin.
A.D. 1773.

Is léir-ṡgríobha daon-ġonta duaiṡc,
An ṡgéal úd do ċualaḋ idir ṫáinic,
Gur éaġ an ṗlaiṫ eaġnuiḋe gan ġruaim,
Do b'ḟéile 'na Guaiṡe[2] le naḋ,
Is méala air ṗeaḋ Éireann 'ṡin truaġ,
An laoċ leabair uaral d'ḟáġail báis,
Ar Ḟeniṫ 'ṡan Caeṡer a d-Tuaḋṁuṁain,
'Sár Ṡeanlus gur ṡguabaḋ ó ṁna!

Táid mná ḟionna ag ġáirṫa 'ṡaġ éiġiorṁ,
'Sna tála ṡnuiṫ déar leó go truaiġ,
Tré bás an ḟir álainn gan béim,
Do b'ḟeárr ḟuirim, méinn, agar ṡtuaim.
Tá a ṁáṫair go tláṫ ar a céill,
'S Ṁáire inġean t-Séanluis an truaġ,
'Sní táire de'n ṡcáid-bhuinġioll t-réiṁ,
An báin-ċnis, a ċéile, tá ar buaḋairt.

Is buaiḋeaṙṫa tá a ċuallaċt 'na ḋeoiġ,
Gan ṡuaiṁneas leaṫ-ṁóimeant dá ṡaoiġeal,
A cruaḋ-ġol 'ṡ ag buan-t-ṡíleaḋ deór,
'Na d-truaġairíḋe dóiġte go croiḋe.
'Sé'n t-uaigneas 'ṡa buaireaṁ do'n ċóir,
Gan ḟuaṡgairt Ṁic Doṁnaill 'ṡan tír,
'Snaċ truaġ ṡan a d-Tuaḋ'ṁainn mo leóġan,
Dá ḟuadaċ ar óige fá líoġ.

[1] Eldest son of Charles MacDonnell of Kilkee. He was married to Catherine O'Brien, and died at New Hall on the 25th April, 1773. He was buried at Kilcredane.

[2] *Guaire.* This is Guaire Aidhne, the hospitable king of Connaught, who lived in the seventh century. See *Tribes of Ireland*, *p.* 40.

JOHN HORE SANG,

ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES MAC DONNELL[1] OF KILLONE, A.D. 1773.

Destructive, heart-rending, and woeful,
  Is the tale I have heard from many,
'Tis the death of that unsullied judicious chief,
  More hospitable than *Guaire* in fame:
Through Erin, 'tis a grief and a pity,
  That our polished illustrious hero has died,
Our Phœnix and our *Cæsar* in Thomond,
  And our *Charles* from women being gone.

Fair women are loudly lamenting,
  And tears stream fast on their cheeks,
For the death of the unblemished beautiful chief,
  Of best form, mien, and modesty;
His mother is senseless and feeble,
  Oh! *Mary*,[2] the daughter of Charles, how sad,
Nor less the gentle lady's grief,
  His fair-skinned spouse[3] who is in pain.

His adherents survive in affliction,
  In life not a moment of ease can they find,[ing,
In hard lamentation, shedding tears without ceas-
  Objects of pity, heart-burned are they.
A lonely grief 'tis to the tribe,
  That *MacDonnell's* redemption is not in the land,
Oh! woeful in Thomond is the tale, [grave.
  That my lion was snatched in his youth to the

[2] This was Mary Ellen MacMahon, his aunt.
[3] His wife was Catherine O'Brien of Dromoland; she survived him and died at Castleconnell, 25th July, 1818, aged 74 years.

Fa líogaíb an ḟeóċan, ír díḃ,
Mac Doṁnaill de'n ríoġ-ḟuil ír ḟearr,
Do ḟíolraḋ ó ṁór-ċlanna Míleaḋ,
Ír do ċoṁnaiġ a d-cír ḋul ó'n Spáinn,
A ḟíonnṫean ba ċróḋa le maoiḋeaṁ,
Bí coróinn orra a ríoġaċt Albain áird,
Níl teóraḋ le móraḋaċt a ġaoil,
Flaċ-cóṁgair gaċ ríoġ-ċuraḋ b'ḟearr.

B'ḟearr dúinn, O Ḋia! gan beiṫ beó,
Le cúṁaḋ a n-diaiġ an óg-buinne ġríonn,
An raiṙ-ḟean do riarraċ na ríoġ,
'Sar m-biataċ a d'ḟóirreaḋ ar ṁíle,
Ní cruaillíḋ 'na fiaḋaile de'n ċóir,
Ar nGrían-ḟlaiṫ ba ró ġile croiḋe,
Bráṫair gaċ Jairla ba mó de'n ċnaiṁ rin,
Briain Bóirṁe le ruiḋeaṁ.

Ír raoiġte fuil Ḃriannaċ am leóġan,
Ó inġean Ċriostóra, Beitíġe;
Ṫug croiḋe do ċum triall ar gaċ fróirt,
Ag ríor ċaṫaṁ óir agar ḟíon,
Ír taoireaċ glan fial é de'n ṗór,
De'n ċraoib úd ír mó teirt 'ran ríoġaċt,
Da ḃríġ rin ír diaċraċ an rgeól,
Flaiṫ ríoġḋa da ṡórt ḋul a g-cíll.

An ċíll úd 'nar cailleaḋ mo laoċ,
Ír mairg do ṫaoḃaig í riaṁ;
Maille le h-ainm gaċ n-aon,
De'n maicinne ḃeuraċ Ui Ḃriain,
Innṫean an tarraingeaireaċt ṙéin,
Naċ raṫṁar do ṫéiġean rí don ċliar
Gaċ a ruiġean ar an b-ḟearann de'n ṗréiṁ,
Ag caraḋ 'na n-déaraċa fiaḋ.

In the grave to decay, 'tis a loss,
  That *Mac Donnell* of the best blood should lie,
Who descended of the great stock of Milesius,
  Who settled and came here from Spain,
His ancestors of valour may boast,
  The diadem of high Alba they wore,
No bounds to his family's greatness,
  A chief near akin to each best royal champion.

O God! it were better we lived not,
  Our lovely young champion in grief to survive,
That excellent chief who would supply hosts,
  And our entertainer who would relieve thousands,
No paltry stalk or weed of that tribe
  Was our refulgent lord of the most loving heart,
A kin to each noblest Earl
  Of the race of *Brian Boroimhe* to assert.

Manifest in my lion is the blood of O'Brian,
  From *Christopher's*[1] daughter ISABEL,
Who gave him a heart each sport to join,
  Spending his gold and continually sharing wine,
He's a liberal bright champion of the race
  Of the most renowned branch in the kingdom,
And therefore 'tis a woeful tale,
  That so kingly a lord should go to the grave.

The church [land] where my hero died,
  'Tis woeful for those who thither repair,
As to each chief of the name
  Of the dignified race of *O'Brien*,
The prophecy itself doth reveal,
  That the nobility there no prosperity shall know,
All of that stock, who in that land abide,
  Blighted return to the *land* [or to the grave].

[1] Captain Christopher O'Brien of Ennistymon. He was an officer in Lord Clare's yellow dragoons.

Ar an b-fiaḋ úd na tráċtaiṁ go h-éaġ,
Aċt labairt air Ṡéarlus gan ṁeanġ,
De'n ġrian-ḟuil riu Teaṁrać na rêx,
Ir an leaċan-ġuirt aorać nár ġann,
Fial-ḃráċair na Mathews ba ṫréan,
'Sba ġradamać a n-éirleaċ na lann,
Iarla Ċill-Dara na réad,
Ir an Ridire Ġréaġaċ ó'n nGleann.

A nGleann aoiḃinn Teaṁroiġ gan duair,
Ba ḋual do ḟallaṁnaċd ir méinn,
Crann roillre, plannda aoiḃinn, buaḋaċ,
Do ċuaiḋ a ruiṫ aoirde an léiġin:
Lann líoṁṫa ṡgannruiġeaċ luċt uaḃair,
Luċt bruiġne, luċt buairṁ, 'r luċt plae,
'Sé an ṡeall-ṅíṁe é a g-cantoir 'ran uaiġ,
Ro ġruaġaċ d'ḟuil aoirde na rêx!

Níl ríoġ-ṁac 'ran Éóruir, dá ṁéid,
Do ḟánóġaċ é a méinn 'ra nGeal-ċroiḋe,
Da m-ba dóiṫ leó go mo ḟiaile é 'na'n raoġal,
Ní h-ál leó gan tearcuin do ṁuiḋiorn,
Níl ruiḋim aige a n-ór ċeart na rêx,
Do ċárla gan traoċaḋ tair tuinn,
Da roint idir óg agar aord',
Da h-oroir ir daonnaċt 'ran ríoġaċt!

Ríoġaċt Innir Fóḋla na b-ríoraon,
Ba ġeárr ar mo laoċ-mear 'ran m-beoir,
Ní a d-tír ṁoltraig a g-céin,
Na nGalla-ḟuic ṁéiṫ an ċoirp ṁóir,
Ní h-ionann é ir gaċ uile rêx,
A nGradam 'ra réim a g-clár Fóḋla,
Ag triall ċort tar ráile a g-caiṫréim,
A neartúġaḋ le ṁéirliġ 'ran g-c'róinn.

Of that land, until death, let us speak not,
  But of the guileless *Charles* let us tell,
Of the resplendent blood of TEAMHAIR of the kings,
  And of the delightful broad field of bounty.
A generous brother of the *Mathews*[1] most brave
  And renowned in the conflicts of blades,
The *Earl of Kildare* of the jewels,
  And the Grecian Knight from the *Glenn*.

In the delightful valley of *Teamhair* of noble lords,
  To be sov'reign and clement were inherent in him,
An effulgent tree, a plant of successful delight,
  Who obtained the highest literary fame;
A burnished blade, the terror of the haughty,
  Of the riotous, oppressive and spiteful;
What a baneful remorse in the grave's [cold] press,
  My champion of the high blood of kings!

There's not a king's son in Europe, tho' large,
  To exceed him in pure heart and mien,
Though in hospitality, the world they think they ex-[ceed,
  They still would have boasted of a groat,
Regardless of the kingly gold
  That always comes across the seas,
That he bestows on the youthful and old,
  With honor and humanity in the kingdom.

The kingdom of *Fodhla* of the righteous,
  My hero would soon spend in beer,
And not in the strange land far distant,
  Of the corpulent English tyrant;
Unequalled is he by any of the kings,
  In love and sway, in the land of *Fodhla*,
Who triumphantly cross over the ocean
  To strengthen the usurpers on the throne.

[1] Charles MacDonnell's grandmother was Elizabeth, or Isabella, only daughter of Theobald Mathews, Esq., of Thomastown, County of Tipperary.

Coṙóiṁṅ aoiḃinn ḟlaṫaṙ na ṅaoṁ,
Ṁaṙ ṫaḃaṙṫaṙ ó aoṅ-ṁac na ṅṡṙáṙ,
Ṡo ḃ-ṙaġaiḋ an ṙean ṙíṙinṅeaċ é,
Tá taḃaṙṫa de'n daoṅṅaċt do ġṅáiṫ,
Tá'n bóṫaṙ ṡlan ḋíṙeaċ roi-ṙéiṡ,
Ṡan doḃta aṡ Séaṙlur le ṙáġail,
Coṙóiṅn ċeaṙt iṙ ṙíoġaċt a ṡ-caiṫṙéim,
Ar leaḃaṙ-ṁolaḋ De ḋil ṡo bṙáṫ.

Ṡo bṙáṫ, O! ní h-eól dam cá ḃ-ṙaġaiṁ,
Ṙean ṙóṙṫéiṅt 'na ṙeiḋim maṙ mo laoċ;
Ḃíoḋaċ ṡáiṙ ioṅa ḋóiṙṙe aiṡe daill,
Iṙ ṡeóċaiṡ aṡ cṙeiḋmiṙt 'ṙa ṙlae,
Ba ġṅáṫaċ 'na ḋeoiṡ aṅn luċt leiġir,
Iṙ ṡo deó ní ṁoill aṙ a ḋéiṙṙc,
Aiṙṙd-ṅeaṁ na ṡlóiṙṙe ṡo ḃ-ṙaġaiḋ,
A'ṙ cṙóċaiṙṙe ṡo b-ṙuiġṁíḋ ṡo léiṙ!

SEAĠAN DO H-ÓRRḊA RÓ ĊAN,

Aṙ ṗóṙaḋ Ṁáiṙṙe Ḃáṅ Ní Ṁic Doṁṅaill, ṙe Ṁuiṙṙċeaṙṫaċ Ṁac Ṁaṫġaṁṅa, Ċluaiṅ-aṅ-ḟíoṅa, A.D. 1750.

Ṁo ġṙáḋ-ṙa an té ṫaiḋḃṙiḋ aṙ Ṁáiṙṙe ṅic Ḋóṁ-ṅaill,
A luiġe léi 'ṙdá póṡaḋ ó ṅeoiṅ ṡo maidin;
'Sṡo m'ḟeáṙṙ í 'ṅa daiḃṙear 'ṅá ṙaiḋḃṙear Ċláiṙ Fóḋla,
Le plaice mṅa cṙóiṅṅe ó bóṙd Ċille-Daṙa,

[1] *Beggars.* See a learned paper on the origin and history of Irish Beggars, by Wm. Hacket of Cork, in No. 36 of the *Ulster Journal of Archæology;* also, a Munster Beggar's Petition, in which the singular names of his wallets are given, in O'Daly's *Munster Poets*, second series.

The delightful, heavenly, crown of the saints,
The bequest of the only son of grace,
To this righteous man, may it be given,
Who was ever inclined for humanity;
The path is clean, straight, and clear,
No doubt for *Charles* to follow,
A pure crown and a kingdom of glory,
For his beautiful praise of the true God for ever!

Oh! where shall I find for ever, I know not,
A man of relief or power, like my hero,
The blind in his door have rejoicings,
And beggars[1] are there jawing and contending,
Quack doctors often pursued him,
And their alms had never a delay,
May his be the high heavens of glory,
And mercy may we all obtain!

JOHN HORE SANG,

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MARY BAWN MAC DONNELL[2] WITH MURTAGH MACMAHON OF CLONERNAGH, A.D. 1750.

My love is he who dreamt of the gentle Mary Mac Donnell,
To woo and be with her from morning till night,
Better would she be in her poverty, than the wealth of FODHLA,
With a mopish woman from the borders of Kil- [dare.

[2] She was privately married 10th August, 1750, but MacMahon carried her off from Kilkee against her mother's consent on the 6th September, 1750.

Tá méin innte ir mór ionnaċ, ir ḟóirṫéin do'n tír,
Séiṁ ċruṫ a clóḋ-ḟola dóiṫéin mic Ríġ,
Ní'l ánd-ḟláiṫ dá ḟaidbreaḋ, a ṁaiġne, a ġ-Cláir Fóḋla,
Ġeabaḋ naḋarc air a clóḋ na ġeabaċ léi gan [daḋaṁ.

A ġ-Cíll-Ċaoi ċoir ḟeórain tá gleó caṫa aġ ríġ na laoċ,
Ġárda nó ċoṁaċtaċ air óig-ṁnaoi ġneanta,
Ġuiḋim Dia leir na h-óig-ḟir ṫuġ leo i ó ṫír na laoċ,
Tríd an muir ṁór gan bróin gan barġaḋ,
Ní h-e rġéal Ċonaill Ġulbann bí aca air an m-beinn,
Do ċaill an bean borb le coḋla dub dnaoiġeaċta,
Ní h-é rin dam leóġan a n-ainṫear Ċláir Fóḋla,
Níor léig an bean leó, cíḋ air ṁór a nġairġe.

'Sé an Sampson, Michael Lardner, ba ḟáiṁe 'ran ġ-cóṁlan,
Agar Ṁáire an ċúil báin real tráṫ air ḟárraḋ,
Ṫug ó Ḃéal-áṫa[1] í go h-árd Ċille-Caoi,
Ir na míltе h-uzza aca air láir a naṁaid,
Do lean ḟear ir míle iad, 'r Donn Finnine ó na Daibċe, [raiġeada,
Ag cur cogaḋ a'r bruiġean orra 'ra ríor ċaṫaṁ
D'éirġe an ríoġ-ċoileán ar an ġ-cuirleán dob' aoirde,
Ir d'ḟáġ aca rlán ir na gárṫa beannaċt.

Fóirṫeann.

'Snár ṁó linn a raib ḟiar díob 'ná Piarur do Léirr,
'Sé Dia bí buiḋeaċ díob 'rġan claon' ar airm.

[1] Ḃéal-áṫa, the name of some local townland.

[2] *Conall Gulban.* He was the son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, and ancestor of the O'Donnells of Tirconnell and their correlatives, and was slain A.D. 464. In his youth he was deputed to keep watch and ward for Eithne Uchtsholais (Enny of the bright breast),

She has noble bearing, great hospitality, and relief
to the country, [son of a king,
A gentle form, a glow of love sufficient for the
No high chief could see her form, though fertile his
ploughlands in *Fodhla*,
That would not wed her without dowry.

In *Kilkee*, near the shore, the royal hero has shout
of battle,
A most powerful guard on a lovely young maiden
May God assist the young men who took her from
the land of heroes, [feat,
Through the great ocean without dismay or de-
Their's was not the tale of *Conall Gulban*[2] on the
hill,
He lost the heroine in a dark magic sleep;
'Tis not so with my lion in the west of *Fodhla's* land,
He did not let the lady go, tho' great was their
prowess.

Michael Lardner,[3] a Sampson! was calmest in the
combat, [care;
And had Mary of the fair tresses awhile in his
Brought her from the mouth of the ford to the
height of *Kilkee*, [foes.
With thousands of huzzas in the midst of their
One man and a thousand pursued them, and *Donn*
Firinne from *Dough* [casting arrows;
On them waging war and battle, and incessantly
The royal youth rose out from the highest castle,
Left them his farewell and loud benediction!

daughter of the king of Leinster, whilst enjoying the fresh air on the romantic hill of Howth; but, whilst there, he fell into a heavy fit of sleep; during which the son of an eastern king, who heard of the matchless fame of the daughters of Erin in his own land, cast anchor in the harbour of Howth, landed with his attendants, and bore her away. See *Adventures of Conall Gulban, MS. Ling. Hib.*

[3] He was an ale-seller who lived at Cooraclare.

SEAGAN LLUID RÓ ĊAN,

An bar Mhaire Bán Ní Mhic Doṁnaill; .i. bean ṗórda Muirċeartaiġ Uí Mhaċġaṁna, Ċluain an-ḟíona.

Monuar an car, truaḋaṁuil clár,
A d-Tuaḋṁumaiṁ ánd ḟearan-ġlair,
Mar d'ḟuadaiġ an bár, an ṙtuaire ṙán,
Gruaiḋ-ġeal, gráḋaċ, geanamnaċ:
Ir í dob'ḟeárr ḟíriṁ, ráċ,
Caoine ir cáil maiṫearra;
'Sir daor an dáil díċ na mna,
Ċoiḋċe i g-Clár Bainba.

Ar gruaiḋ-ḟliuċ díḋ buaiḋeanṫa an ḃuiḋean,
Sluaġ ban ríġe rearcaiġṫe,
Ó ċuan Ċille-Ċaoi ċruaiḋ ġaiṁíḋe,
Go bruaċaiḃ aoiṁd Albann:
Dá luaḋ ne leun uaiḃreaċ cléiḃ,
Guairreaċ gêar cearnaiġṫeaċ,
Gur ruaig an t-êaġ luaimneaċ léir,
Uainn an ṙaor bainaċlain.

Mo ġêar-ġoin clí claon ṙa líoġ,
Saoir-ṙlioċt ġroiḋe Sáṁairle;
'San ġléir-bean ċaoin Sibêal priorṁ,
Craoḃ na ríoġ neaċtṁara:
Ir cainnclaṁ áir, an ċlann mar táiḋ,
Fann gan ṙáġail ṙearda orra,
'Sgan ann le ráḋ, aċt a n-am an ġaḃa,
Gan teann gur tláṫ Bairrginne.[1]

[1] *Baiscin.* This was the name of a very celebrated tribe, giving their name to a territory in the south-west of Clare, of which Loop Head forms the western extremity. They were the descendants of Cairbre Baschaoin, or of the Smooth Palm, the brother of Cairbre Musc. This territory originally comprised the baronies of Clonderalaw, Moyarta, and Ibrickane; but after the expulsion of the Mac Gormans from Leinster, shortly after the English Invasion, they were settled by O'Brien in the north of Corca Bhaiscinn, adjoining

JOHN LLOYD SANG,

ON THE DEATH OF MARY BAWN MAC DONNELL, WIFE OF MURTOGH MACMAHON OF CLONEENAGH.

Alas ! the case, how woeful and weak,
In Thomond high of verdant lands,
How death has snatched away the choicest lady,
Fair-cheeked, loving and chaste.
'Tis she was best in truth and tact,
In remembrance and in good repute,
The woman's death's a woeful tale
In *Banba's* land—'tis true !

Wet are the cheeks of the fairy maids,
And mournful are their tribes,
From the hard sandy coast of *Kilkee,*
To the high borders of *Alba;*
Bewailing in heart-afflicting grief
And melancholy sighs,
Since relentless death has snatched away
From us the world-relieving fostermother !

My bosom's sharp wound that low in the tomb,
The noble, the excellent descendants of *Sorley* should be,
And the resplendent and mild *Isabel,*
Of the ancient line of legislative kings ! [be
'Tis a woeful destruction that the children thus should
Lowly and without future hopes of their return.
And in the time of our need we can only say,
That *Corcabaisgin's* tribes are powerless, weak, and friendless.

Corcomroe. After the establishment of surnames in the eleventh century, the chiefs of this territory took the name of *O'Domhnaill,* (O'Donnell), and O'Baiscinn; but on the increasing of the power of the Dal Chais, the family of Mac Mathghamhna (Mac Mahon), became chiefs of this territory (which in latter ages comprised only the baronies of Clonderalaw and Moyarta), and reduced the race of Cairbre Mor, to comparative insignificance.—*Book of Rights,* p. 48, *n.* g.

Jr cıaċ 'rıı cnáḋ, a n-ıaıċ an Ċlaıı,
A z-cnıaḋ-bnat bán leacaıġte;
An ġnıan-bean bneaġ mıanmaı mnáṁuıl,
Ċıalmaı ċáıḋ ċeannaraċ:
Ca b-ruıl 'ran z-cnıċ ṡaınrıuz ró ċnı,
A ramaıl do mnaoı b'ṡearrna azuınn,
Ba zeanmaıne znaoı zıle azar znıomh,
Zneanta le cnoıḋe canṫannaċ.

Ba ḋual don mnaoı ġruaıḋ-ġıl ġrınn,
Uaırle ır rıon arzanḋa,
'Szan ġluaır ó ċnaoıb ċnuar ċınt ċaoın,
Ċolla Uaır ran lıne aṫanḋa:
Zan ṡıaḋaıle d'ṡár a rıan ġlan Tál,
Ó Bnıan ba lán ġaırmeaċ;
An zlıaḋaıne d'ṡáz ṡıar ar lár,
Clıaṫaıb áır allmuraıġ.

Nı h-é zo muıḋım ṡéın am laoı,
Zléıne a ṡıon ṡeannaċuır;
Na zaol le nıoz laoċnaḋ Zaoıḋeal,
Do ṡaorṫaıḋ nıozaċt Banba:
'Szan ṡıolnaḋ an mnáṁuıl mıonlaḋ bán,
Ó nıġṫıb and Breataınne,
Jr cumneaċ cáıġ a zaol zo ran,
Le taoırıġ and Albaınne.

[1] See note 3, p. 3.

[2] *Brian Boroimhe.* In an Irish poem by Tadhg Mac Daire Mac Bruaideadha, or Mac Brody (hereditary Bard of Thomond), written about the middle of the sixteenth century, a copy of which is preserved in the Hudson collection of Irish MSS., in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, many of the great and good qualities of this monarch are recorded: such as restoring their lost territories to the native princes—the endowment of churches, which he upheld with a strong arm, showering upon their clergy gems and gold—unlocking the stores where Mercy's wealth lay hid—diffusing peace and plenty—banishing vice and crime from south to north—

'Tis a woeful pain in the lands of *Clare*,
That she in the white burial shroud has been laid,
The refulgent lady, fair, blooming and genteel,
Prudent, chaste and proud.
Where throughout this extensive land shall we find
A lady to equal her excellent perfections,
In aspect, in fairness, and in deeds the loveliest,
And in heart the most charitable.

Excellence from its purest source,
Is inherent in this amiable, accomplished lady;
Fair-flowing from the race of *Colla*[1] the brave,
In her paternal lineage;
A stainless sapling of the house of *Tal*,
Of the seed of Brian[2] of high renown;
The champion who left
The foreign despot cold and low!

'Tis not that I could in my lay disclose
Much of her true and brilliant history,
Or her lineage from the royal *Gadelian* heroes,
Who emancipated *Banba's* kingdom,
And that this lady, modest, meek and fair,
Of Britain's [or Brittany] noblest kings,
And triumphantly chaste was her bright alliance
With Alba's noble chiefs.

founding of churches with rich and tall domes—making over to the clergy their ancient rights—conferring on Erin's clans surnames, &c. We understand that the helmet which he wore at the memorable battle of Clontarf was preserved in the last Marquis of Thomond's collection of antiquities, at Rostellan Castle, county of Cork; now the property of J. P. Wise, Esq., who purchased the Castle and demesne as well as the collection of antique remains, library, &c. The museum of the Royal Irish Academy where the public could have access to such a proud national relic, would be the proper depot for an article of such rare antiquarian and local interest as this helmet must have been, but its age and identity are questionable.

Af obaiṁ gan ġaḃa molaḋ na mna,
Mogalaċ m-bneaġ m-baṁṁaṁuil,
Ir gun follur a g-Clan Conaill a cnaṁ,
'San tobar ó'n ḟar adṁuim:
Ir oṁċnaḋ bnóin loirgiġte leoin,
Loigiġte nó ḟadcuiṁreaċ,
An bomnacioċ ṁoḋaṁuil ċnob-oinig ċóir,
Fortaiġte fa leacaċaiḃ.

Da aoiṁde bán, buiḋean ir bláċ,
D'ar ċinn ó Aḋaṁ ailmneaċ;
Cia'n b'aoibinn, and, a lion 'na lá,
Ir cnion atáid tairgte;
'Na n-dail ó ṡgiinn tnáċ gan tional,
An ban-ḟlaiṫ ṁín ṁaireaṁail;
'Sle gainṫea guiḋeam gnáta Cnioṁt,
D'ḟáġail do'n ṁnaoi a b-Pairaḋur.

AN FEARTLAOI.

A ḃain-leac ḃláiṫ an cár leat,
An t-reoid-reo fúġat;
Sain-ḃean ċáiḋ álainn,
Dob' óindeanc clú;
Do ḋeanrcniġ cail tar ṁna fionna,
Mónda Múṁan,
Maire ḃan bneaġ
Ní ṁic Doṁnaill úd.

A needless task it is to praise
  This noble, hopeful, beauteous lady,
For in *Conaire's*[1] plains her lineage is known,
  And the fountain whence she sprung,
It is a cause of grief, painful and sore,
  Buried in deep affliction,
That this gay, modest, generous-handed lady
  Has been confined beneath the tomb.

Though high the leading branch and blossom tribes
  Of all the race of toiling Adam,
Though delightfully high their splendour in life,
  [In her] they've been condensely treasured;
But as *Baisgin's* mild princess has fallen,
  And without respite subdued,
Let's loudly pray the grace of Christ,
  That heaven's Paradise she may enjoy.

THE EPITAPH.

Dost thou regret, O beauteous (monumental) stone,
  This jewel thou hast under,
The excellent, chaste, and beautiful lady,
  Of noblest reputation;
Renowned for fame, beyond all fair-haired women,
  In *Momonia*, the powerful,
Was the beautiful Mary Bawn
  Daughter of Mac Donnell.

[1] Conaire the Great, king of Ireland, A.M. 3970, was of the race of Eibhear, and reigned 30 years.

AR MHAIRE BÁN NÍ MHIC DOMHNAILL.

The following Poem by Thomas Meehan, in reply to John Lloyd's Poem, on Mary Bawn Mac Donnell at p. 58, was copied for me by Mr. John O'Daly, of Dublin, from a MS. marked 23, B. 37, written by the late Malachy O'Curry, and now in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy.

TOMÁS O'MÍODHCHÁIN RO. ČAN.

An b-fáġail na h-iar-g-cuimne néamhraidhte, ó na ċaraḋ cumainn a. Seóḋ fuairc fearcmhanaċ Lluid (Lloyd).

Da m-blaiṡin a Ṡeáain, gaire na n-dáimh,
Is dearb gur lán acfuinneaċ;
Do ċeafainn ad ṗáirt, marbha cáir,
Do ġaiṫlion do'n ard Ṫeamhair-fuil: [mhain,
An ngolaiḃ níor ṫruaġ, gíḋ loiteaḋ a d-Tuaḋmu-
Jomad do'n ċuain ċeanamhail;
Gur foċtaḋ fan uaiġ, foċan na fluaiġ,
An brolla-ġeal buaḋaċ beannaiġṫe!

Ca b-fuil aoibhnear fleáġa, is faoistre ag dáimh,
A n-díol a n-dán n-dealbḃa;
Na díol le fáġail d'ḟíor boċtain,
Re ṡgaoileaḋ a ngnáṫ anacraḋ:
Na dallaiḃ gaċ lá, is dearg boċtain,
A realb a náraim aibiġṫe;
O bradaig an bás an caraṫannaċ brea ġ,
B'ḟairringe mám fréartaile!

ON MARY BAWN MAC DONNELL.

THOMAS MEEHAN SANG.

ON RECEIVING THE FOREGOING ELEGY FROM HIS BELOVED FRIEND THE FACETIOUS AND LOVING JOHN LLOYD.

O John, had I tasted the fountain of sages,
With zeal sincere I would respond,
And join with thee in elegy,
On a lady of *Teamhair's* high blood,
Our wail was not woeful, though Thomond had lost,
Full many of the most beloved race;
Till in the silent grave, the friend of hosts has been laid,
The fair-bosomed, the virtuous, and blessed.

Where shall the bards, in lieu of poems sung,
The delights of festive freedom share,
Or redress be to the needy given,
By relieving their incessant misery,
Since death has taken the charitable [lady] fair,
Of the most plenteous distributing hand,
Whose cultivated crops (when ripe) were (usually) given,
To the blind and blighted poor!

Níor b-follur gur ḟáf, forta dob' ḟeapp,
Forga do'n tlaiṫ taifrtiollaċ;
Na'n ġoimnorg blaiṫ baraṁuil ṁna,
Foilceaḋ ar meoḋan mealla-ḟruiṫ:
O ġráḋaig an ċaoin ċraibṫeaċ CRÍOST,
Bráiṫre ir ríoṁ eaglair;
Saiṁe ir ríṫ ag Máire bíoḋ,
A b-pairt le naoiṁ ḟlaṫair ġil.

An Coiṁṫeanġal.

Ar deiṁin gur caor ní ṁe,
Trí ċríċ Fóḃla ar ḟad;
Soiġṫeaċ na raoirġníoṁ,
Riarraiḋeaċ león ir lag;
Ir Cruiorḋal na g-cruinn-ċíoċ,
D'ḟíor-ċraoiḃ ṁór na b-ḟlaṫ;
A reilig ġil Mic'íl,
Faoi ḃíḋean ḟóḋ ir leac!

CRÍOĊ.

A more bounteous prop we have not known to grow,
For relieving the wretched poor,
Than the fair gentle lady of the azure eyes,
Purified from the fountain of the honied stream,
Since she, the gentle fervent lady gave, [church,
Her love to Christ, to the Friars and primitive
Delight and peace may Mary bless,
In union with the sparkling saints of Heaven.

THE SUMMING-UP.

'Tis a baneful burning torch,
Through all the land of *Fodhla*,
That the vase of virtuous deeds,
Who supplied the great and small—
The oval breasted Crystal—
The taintless descendant of mighty lords,
Is sheltered in Kill-Michael's Church,
Beneath a shade of sod and stone!

THE END.